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THE ROSARY.

I HAVE strung them on a golden string,
Those dated days of ours;
Like diamond stars is their glittering,
Their perfume like summer flowers;
And when I sit in the dusk alone,
When the long "day's darg" is over and
done,

I take my rosary from its nest,
Hidden warmly away in my breast,
And tell my beads with a lingering touch,
My beads that recall and mean so much,
And live again through each little thing
Of the past and its precious dowers;
Through the tears and the smiles that ever
cling
Around our sweet past hours.

I gathered them softly, one by one,
From Memory's border-land.
Some lay full in the noonday sun,
And some nestled deep in sand.
Some were o'ergrown by the verdant turf;
And some lay tumbled amid the surf,
That chafes forever upon the shore,
Where Time is breathing, "No more, no
more."
And some were set so hard in frost,
That Hope shrank from them as something
lost;
But Love smiled down from his stand,
And watched till my task was done,
As I strung them with soft and tender hand,
The treasures my search had won.

Oh, cruel time and tide may do
Full many a bitter deed,
Since all that we may plead and rue,
Cannot check or change their speed;
Much we may dream of, much we may trust,
Will fade, like the rose of a day, to dust;
The hope we cherished may sigh and part;
The need we leant on may pierce the heart:
But nothing can dim the tender shine
Clinging about these jewels of mine;
And never in vain, for me or for you,
Can Memory's magic plead,
For pure and rounded, and rich and true,
Is every threaded bead!

— All The Year Round.

THREE THOUGHTS.

COME in, Sweet Thought, come in;
Why linger at the door?
Is it because a shape of sin
Defiled the place before?
'Twas but a moment there;
I chased it soon away;
Behold, my breast is clean and bare —
Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay.
The Sweet Thought said me, "No;
I love not such a room,
Where uncouth inmates come and go,
And back, unbidden, come.

I rather make my cell
From ill resort secure,
Where love and lovely fancies dwell
In bosoms virgin-pure."

Oh, Pure Thought, then I said,
Come thou, and bring with thee
This dainty sweetness, fancy-bred,
That flouts my house and me.
No peevish pride hast thou,
Nor turnest glance of scorn
On aught the laws of life allow
In man of woman born.
Said he, "No place for us
Is here; and, be it known,
You dwell where ways are perilous
For them that walk alone:
There needs the surer road,
The fresher-sprinkled floor,
Else are we not for your abode" —
And turned him from my door.

Then, in my utmost need,
Oh, Holy Thought, I cried,
Come thou, that clearest will and deed,
And in my breast abide.
"Yea, sinner, that will I,
And presently begin;"
And ere the heart had heaved its sigh,
The guest divine came in.
As in the pest-house ward
The prompt physician stands,
As in the leaguered castle-yard
The warden with his bands,
He stood, and said, "My task
Is here, and here my home;
And here am I, who only ask
That I be asked to come."

See how in huddling flight
The ranks of darkness run,
Exhale and perish in the light
Streamed from the risen sun;
How, but a drop infuse
Within the turbid bowl,
Of some elixir's virtuous juice,
It straight makes clear the whole;
So from before his face
The fainting phantoms went,
And, in a fresh and sunny place,
My soul sat down content;
For — mark and understand
My ailment and my cure —
Love came and brought me, in his hand,
The Sweet Thought and the Pure.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

KING APOLLO.

WHEN my lady sleeping lies,
Her sweet breaths her lips unbar,
Which, when King Apollo spies,
With dream footfall not to mar
The dear sleep,
Through the rosy doors ajar
He with golden thoughts doth creep.
Academy. MICHAEL FIELD.

From The Scottish Review.
THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.
BY DEMETRIOS BIKELAS.

My present object is to give as clear an idea as I can of what I believe the Byzantine Empire really to have been. I have certainly no intention of attempting to compress into a few pages the abounding history of that Greek and Christian State which withstood all shocks for more than a millennium, or of entering deeply into all the important phases which it underwent. I propose only to call attention to some general conclusions to which a study of the history of Christian Constantinople leads, and to discuss how far the real facts justify the low esteem in which that autocracy is now so commonly held.

As a matter of fact, what impression does the very name of the Byzantine Empire usually convey? How have we been taught to picture to ourselves the historical reality which it indicates? There is no use denying that in the popular imagination the Byzantine Empire appears as a political monstrosity, in which one incapable emperor succeeded another, each putting out the eyes of his predecessor, and which was remarkable for the absence at once of courage and of military capacity, except on the part of the foreign mercenaries who were alternately the venal tools and the exacting taskmasters of a detestable government—a polity in which the union of Church and State formed a grotesque hybrid, utterly destitute of real religious feeling, but where every one was incessantly occupied with childish theological disputes—a State in which the spectacle of a people and a nation was replaced by that of eunuchs governing slaves—a society where the learned, when not exchanging personal vituperation in the course of religious controversy, occupied themselves in composing poems in the form of an egg or of a swallow—a world, in short, which consisted in civilization run to seed. In a word, the Byzantine Empire is regarded as fully deserving the contemptuous appellation of the *Lower Empire*, by which western Europe has learned to designate it.

But is this what the Byzantine Empire really was? Surely, the fact that it lasted

for a considerably longer space of time than that during which the kingdom of England has as yet even nominally endured, is in itself enough to prove the contrary. This duration cannot be attributed either to security purchased by inaction or to immunity from causes of dissolution and ruin. On the contrary, the history of the Byzantine Empire is an history of unceasing and unwearied activity. Without, from the hour of her foundation to that in which her sun finally sank in blood, Christian Constantinople was engaged in constant struggles against successive hordes of barbarians. She did not always triumph in the strife, but, even when she was beaten, she did not succumb, but carried on the contest still; and the fact that she was able to do so is alone a sufficient proof of the strength and vitality of her organization. Within, she had to fight heresy after heresy, but succeeded nevertheless in raising the edifice of the Church upon solid and enduring foundations; and at the same time, by preserving and completing the Roman legislation, she established the principles of jurisprudence recognized to-day throughout so large a portion of the civilized world. And yet, all the while that the new Rome was thus engaged upon the double work of ecclesiastical and legal construction, her lettered society was careful to keep alive the lamp of ancient culture; it is true that Byzantine literature could not rival the productions of earlier ages, but it preserved none the less the tradition of the intellectual splendor of Greece.

Nor can the imperial government be accused of neglecting material interests. Even if we did not possess historical proofs of the supremacy of the Greek world, throughout the whole of the Middle Ages, in those things which make the well-being of a State, it would be enough to look at the ruins of public works which still survive the deluge of savagery, to assure us that the subjects of the empire had no ground for casting on their rulers the reproaches in which western European writers are so persistent.

No one, indeed, will be prepared to put forward Byzantine society as presenting an ideal type of civilization or political

morality. That society had, no doubt, its features of vice and of shame. Like every other social body, either ancient or modern, it bore within itself the elements of decay and dissolution. It had its times of decadence. But it had also its epochs of greatness; and, in the full tide of its prosperity, it possessed the most perfect political organization known in its day. Its existence guaranteed the preservation of the most precious interests of real civilization. And this remark is true of every moment of its long existence.

The Byzantine Empire was predestinated to perform in especial one great work in human history. That work was to preserve civilization during the period of barbarism which we call the Middle Ages. For the discharge of that task no abundant originality was needful. The mission of Christian Constantinople was not to create but to save; and that mission she fulfilled for the benefit of the Europe of the future. It is not just on the part of the modern world which has thus profited, to refuse to its benefactress the tribute of its gratitude; and still less so, when it caricatures history in order to lessen the apparent burden of its indebtedness.

When Constantine the Great, in realization of the project conceived by Diocletian, transported the seat of empire to the shores of the Bosphoros, and there established a new capital which derived new life from a new religion, he hoped to render the government stronger and the dynasty more secure by removing both from the revolutionary atmosphere of legions and camps. This end was attained even more perfectly than Constantine can well have foreseen. While the empire still remained for nearly a century one and undivided, under himself and his successors, the western half already began to show symptoms of approaching dissolution. But when, after the death of Theodosius the Great in 395, the imperial power was definitively partitioned between his sons, Arcadius and Honorius, it forthwith became evident that the two moieties of the Roman world were reserved, both

by nature and by fortune, for destinies entirely different. Old Rome was dying. New Rome, on the contrary, the new Rome which was both Christianized and Hellenized, had before her a long vista of life and energy. For eighty years after the accession of Honorius, the Western Empire fell rapidly, and in 476 the deposition of Romulus Augustus, his eleventh successor, brought the line of the emperors of old Rome to a tame and obscure conclusion, when the unity of the empire was again nominally restored in favor of Zeno, who, two years before, had ascended the throne of Constantinople.

During more than a millennium, from the accession of Arcadius in 395 till the heroic death of Constantine XIII. in 1452, the Eastern Empire was governed by a succession of eighty-one lawful emperors. The larger number counted by historians, (and which indeed owes a good deal to numismatology), is obtained by reckoning princes such as Constantine XII., who were merely proclaimed Augusti, or pretenders like Constantine VIII., whose ephemeral success does not justify their enumeration among the real monarchs, with whom alone it is needful to concern ourselves in such a sketch as the present. Of the eighty-one autocrats who actually reigned seventy-three can be assigned to one or other of ten dynasties, or, to speak more correctly, groups, the members of each of which respectively, if they did not always succeed one another from father to son, were at least mutually connected by some such tie as marriage, adoption, or tutorship. In other words, each of these dynasties is a group of persons who succeeded one another upon the throne either by right of blood, or of the imperial will, and by the consent of the regnant family, of which they were thus the representatives and, in a sense, the members and continuators.

Thus the house of Arcadius embraced four sovereigns and lasted till 457, when the dynasty closed with the death of Marcian, the widower and successor of his daughter St. Pulcheria. The line of Leo I. (surnamed the Thracian, and the Great) similarly came to an end in 518 on the decease of his third successor, Anastasius

I. (Dikoros*), who had espoused Ariadne, widow of Zeno, his son-in-law. The third dynasty was that founded in Justin I., and lasted through five reigns and eighty-four years, ending in 602 by the murder of Maurice, son-in-law of Tiberius II., who had been associated in the empire by Justin II. When the crimes of Phokas, the murderer of Maurice, had at last worn out the patience of the Byzantine world, he was in his turn deposed and slain in 610, by Heraclius, the founder of a fourth dynasty, which numbered six princes and lasted a century, including the ten years during which the reign of Justinian II. (Rinotmetos†) was interrupted by those of Leontius and Tiberius III. After the execution of the tyrant Justinian in 711, the throne was occupied in succession during a space of little more than four years by Philippicus (Bardanes), Anastasius II. and Theodosius III., before the abdication of the last made room for Leo III. (the Isaurian). The family of Leo reigned till 802, when the Athenian empress Irene, the fifth monarch of his line, the widow of his grandson, Leo IV. (the Khazar‡), and one of the most remarkable women in European history, was de-throned and banished to Lesbos. The sixth dynasty, founded by Nikephoros I., lasted only eleven years, and in 813 Michael I. (Rangabes), his son-in-law, and the third prince of the house, was deposed and retired into a monastery. The career of the successful usurper Leo V. (the Armenian) was short. He was assassinated in church on Christmas eve, 820, and the seventh dynasty was founded by Michael II. (the stammerer). He was followed by his son, his daughter-in-law, and his grandson, but the latter, Michael III. (the Drunkard), was murdered in 867. Basil I. (the Macedonian), who had been Michael's chief chamberlain, had repudiated his own wife to marry the emperor's mistress, in exchange for whom he had given up to him his own sister, and who had finally planned his assassination, im-

mediately took possession of his throne. From the accession of this monarch, one of the most extraordinary characters in history, the imperial dignity became really hereditary. Seventeen Macedonian emperors succeeded one another till Michael VI. (the Warlike), who had been selected as her successor by the empress Theodora, was defeated by Isaac I. (Komnenos) in 1057, and thereupon abdicated and retired into a monastery. Three different branches of the Komnenoi then successively held the imperial title for a series of eighteen reigns. The last of these branches was that of the Angeloi. Isaac II. (Angelos) was deposed and blinded in 1203 by his brother Alexis III., but restored by and with his son, Alexis IV. In the January of the succeeding year, Alexis V. (Doukas, surnamed Mourtzouphlos*) a son-in-law of Alexis III., put Alexis IV. to death, and Isaac II. died of grief. Constantinople was stormed by the Crusaders in the ensuing April, and Alexis V., having been taken prisoner, was carried thither from the Peloponnesos, and executed in the same year by being thrown from the top of the column of Theodosius. Hereupon the Crusaders established their own Latin dynasty, and the throne of New Rome was accordingly filled by a rickety series of six Western emperors, of whom indeed the third, Peter, died in prison in Epirus without ever reaching his capital. This Latin succession passed in the female line from the house of Flanders to that of Courtenay (of the same family as the present Earls of Devon), and included John of Brienne, guardian and father-in-law of the last of the dynasty, Baldwin II. In the mean while, the Greek imperial family had retired to Nice, where Theodore I. (Laskaris) was crowned emperor. He and his son and grandson, John III. (Batalatzes) and Theodore II., were the terror and scourge of the Latin intruders. At last, in 1258, on the accession of John IV., the youthful great-grandson of Theodore I., his guardian, Michael VIII. (Palaiologos) was associated with him in the empire, and in 1261, they reconquered Constantinople; Baldwin fled;

* So called from his eyes being of different colors.

† On account of his nose having been cut off by order of Leontius in 695.

‡ His mother was a daughter of the khan of the Khazars.

* On account of the close junction of his shaggy eyebrows.

and Michael inhumanly deposed, blinded, and exiled his defenceless colleague. The dynasty of the Palaiologoi is the tenth and last of those which reigned over the Eastern Empire. It consisted of a series of eight princes, including John VI. (Kantakouzenos), associated for a time with John V. Finally, on May 29, 1453, Constantinople was taken by the Turkish sultan Mahomet II., and the Roman Empire ended. The emperor Constantine XIII. was killed fighting at the gates, and by his heroic death placed a last crown, a crown of imperishable glory, upon the autocracy which had derived its origin from Julius and Octavian. "The body," says Gibbon, "under an heap of slain, was discovered by the golden eagles embroidered on his shoes." The imperial bird had never taken a nobler flight than was his last.

It will be seen by this summary that the course of the ten Byzantine dynasties was only broken by seven isolated princes, whose combined reigns amount to a period of about thirty years. At the same time, it must be admitted that the monarchs who constituted the ten dynasties themselves did not too often reign in peace, and that the transmission of the crown from one head to another among them was frequently effected by crime and violent revolution. Of the seventy-six emperors* and five empresses who occupied the Byzantine throne

15 were put to death,†

7 were blinded or otherwise mutilated,

4 were deposed and imprisoned in monasteries, and

10 were compelled to abdicate.

This list, comprising nearly half of the whole number, is a sufficient indication of the horrors by which the history of the empire is only too often marked, and it may be frankly admitted that these dark stains, disfiguring pages which but for them would be bright with the things which were beautiful and glorious, go some way to excuse, if not to justify, the obloquy which Western writers have been so prone to cast upon the East. But it is not by considering the evil only, any more than the good only, that it is possible to form a just judgment upon an historic epoch. To judge the Byzantine Empire only by the crimes which defiled the palace would be as unjust as if the French

people were to be estimated by nothing but the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Reign of Terror, and the Commune of 1871.

The dynastic crimes and revolutions of New Rome were not a constant feature in her history. On the contrary, the times of trouble and anarchy were episodes between long periods of peace. They arose either from quarrels in the imperial family itself, which degraded the dignity of the crown, or from the contentions of pretenders struggling among themselves till one or other had worsted his rivals and was able to become the founder of a long dynasty. Thus, two centuries elapsed from the time of Arcadius before Phocas, as the murderer of his predecessor, was in his own turn put to death by Heraclius. Heraclius himself died upon the throne, but his reign was followed by a series of tragedies. In the century succeeding his death, five emperors were murdered or executed, and six deposed, of whom four were blinded or otherwise mutilated. The strong dynasty of the Isaurians then assumed the crown, but in little more than half a century the empress Irene, when she deposed her own son Constantine VI., and put out his eyes, began a new series of crimes which continued with little interruption till the murder of Michael the Drunkard, eighty years later. His assassin, however, Basil the Macedonian, was the founder of a dynasty which reigned for nearly two centuries.

The most deplorable epoch in the history of the Byzantine Empire, the period in which assassination and mutilation most abounded, was that in which it was exposed to the influence of the Crusaders, and thus brought into contact with western Europe. In the twenty years between 1183 and 1204, six emperors occupied the tottering throne of the East; all of them were deposed, two of them were blinded, and all were put to death except Isaac II., who anticipated the executioner by dying in prison. I do not point out the coincidence of circumstances in order to throw upon the Franks the whole responsibility for this series of tragedies. But I cannot help remarking that the continual and interrupted contact of the empire with the barbaric elements by which it was surrounded, from the beginning to the end of its existence, supplies an explanation though not a justification of these lamentable episodes in its history. The Byzantine people, although in every respect the superiors of their contemporaries, were unable entirely to escape the influence of

* Not counting the Latin emperors, of whom two died in prison.

† Without counting Nikephoros I., who was taken prisoner and murdered by the Bulgars, nor Constantine XIII., killed by the Turks.

their neighborhood. As the guardians of classical civilization, they strove to keep above the deluge of barbarism by which the rest of the world was then inundated. But it was a flood whose waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and sometimes all the high hills were covered, even where might have rested the ark in which the traditions of ancient culture were being preserved.

Modern writers are not unfrequently given to accusing the Byzantine Empire of cruelty. They seem to forget that the contemporary manners and jurisprudence of western Europe were marked by a ferocity which nothing in Byzantine despotism ever approached. To listen to these gentlemen, one would imagine that the legislation of their own countries, both while the Eastern Empire endured and long afterwards, was a model of humanity and sweet reasonableness. It needs no research to find examples to the contrary, nor would there be room to recount them, but a few specimens float through my mind at once. Take for instance the executions of Dolcino in Italy, of Hugh le Despenser (the younger) in England, of the murderers of James I. in Scotland, and the whole history of the processes against the Templars or the lepers in France. Long after the Byzantine Empire fell, the peculiar English sentence for high treason was fully carried out until within the last century, and has been pronounced in Ireland within my memory. Similarly, I might point to the legislation of England with regard to religion, and especially to its application during the sixteenth century. The executions of the family of the last Inca of Peru by the Spanish government, or of Damians by the French, are little more than a century old, and I need not go on to cite even later instances, the *noyades* of Nantes, for example. That much that went on in the empire justifies the charge of cruelty, I admit. But I ask Western writers to consider how the histories of their own countries will show by comparison, before they cast the first stone at Constantinople.

Putting aside such matters, and returning to the main question, the history of the Greek emperors, taken as an whole, leaves no doubt that the end which Diocletian and Constantine sought to attain by transferring the capital seat of the Roman Empire, was more than realized. That history shows also the instinctive tendency of the Byzantine people to be ruled by sovereigns reigning through lawful hereditary succession, a tendency

which becomes especially apparent during the last six centuries of the empire's protracted existence. This legitimist sentiment, so marked in the new Rome, was certainly not derived from the old. On the contrary, the absence, in the old Rome, of any constitution strong enough to secure the regular succession to the crown, was one of the very things which contributed to paralyze her and to hasten her fall. At Constantinople, on the contrary, there was from the very beginning an effort to correct this evil, and an effort which was continued until the principle of legitimate hereditary right was established.* It is probable that this strong feeling in favor of monarchy, and especially of hereditary monarchy, which is a characteristic mark of the Eastern world, was the cause and not the effect of the peculiar State ceremonial, half Asiatic, half Roman, which was so distinctive a feature of the Byzantine court. The emperor Constantine VII. (Porphyrogennetos †) and George Kodinos, the Kuropalates, have left us elaborate works upon this subject. It is one which is sometimes treated with a smile of contempt. If, however, we consider how in England the scrupulous retention of certain old-world official customs and costumes, which are often absolutely ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, is accompanied by the most perfect exercise of liberty, both political and personal, we shall probably pause before ascribing to the antique formalities of the Byzantine court the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.‡ Moreover, if we are to judge the Byzantine court by its fruits, we shall not see in it the habitual abode of frivolity and effeminacy. I am certainly not going to make myself the advocate of the herd of eunuchs whose presence dishonored the imperial palaces, nor seek for a moment to justify the crimes which were committed within their walls. But neither, on the other hand, will I forget that manly virtue was never long lacking to the Byzantine throne, that the greater number of the sovereigns who occupied it showed themselves not unworthy of their exalted

* See Rambaud, *L'Empire Grec au dixième siècle*, p. 23.

† Constantines VI. and VII. were so called because born (A.D. 771, 905) in an apartment of the imperial palace panelled with porphyry, which was specially destined for the use of the empresses upon these occasions.

‡ That learned and at the same time attractive work, *Κωνσταντινούπολις*, by the k. Skarlatos D. Byzantios, contains (vol. iii., chap. 10) a very able picture of Byzantine manners. See also Paparregopoulos, v. 26 *et seq.*

station, and were no dishonor either to the pages of their country's history or to the people whose life they represented. I shall not go through the list name by name. I shall only cite, in support of my contention, one or two in a century; but I venture to think that they are names which are in themselves enough to cover every period of the Byzantine history with honor.

Thus, in the sixth century, reigned for forty years Justinian I. As a conqueror, he restored to the Roman arms their ancient lustre; as a sovereign, he adorned by his great buildings not only his capital, but cities planted in his remotest provinces; * as a legislator, he took that place in the history of jurisprudence which he still holds to-day. The seventh century is filled by the great name of Heraclius, who, in his victorious wars against the Persians, resumed and continued the work of Alexander the Great. His great-grandson, Constantine IV. (the Bearded) was faithful to the glorious traditions of his progenitor, and by his brave resistance to the repeated expeditions of the Arabs against Constantinople, stemmed the tide of Mohammedan conquest and earned the title of Deliverer of Europe.† In the eighth century, Leo III., the saviour of Constantinople and reformer of the empire,‡ founded the new dynasty of the Isaurians, and gave a new impulse to the Byzantine world. The efforts made by Leo and his son Constantine V. (Kopronymos) to remodel the State failed, and the enemies of their reform have sought to darken their fame by destroying the contemporary records, but their forms loom none the smaller amid the obscurity which overshadows the history of their epoch. In the ninth century, Basil I. (the Macedonian), the founder of the dynasty which bears his name, crowned the work of Justinian I. by his final codification of Roman law, and exalted the power of the empire, which enjoyed, under himself and his successors, a lengthened period of greatness and prosperity. In the tenth century, the need of self-defence against the Mohammedans and the Bulgars called to the throne such men as were Nikephoros II. (Phokas), John I. (Tzimiskes), and Basil II. (the Bulgar-slayer). In

the twelfth century, three successive monarchs of the house of the Komnenoi, Alexis I. (Komnenos), his son, John II. (the Good *), and his grandson, the heroic Manuel I. (Komnenos), in the midst of every species of plot and distraction, saved the dignity of the throne and preserved the safety of the State. In the thirteenth century, Theodore I. (Laskaris), and John III. (Batzatzes) rallied the national forces in the midst of calamities, and cast lustre upon the weakened majesty of the imperial crown, till the day when Michael VIII. (Palaiologos), by the re-conquest of Constantinople, opened the way to a new period in the history of the Eastern Empire.

These are not the only emperors who have left upon the pages of history names which time will never obliterate. If ignorance and spite have long combined to cast obscurity over their renown, the impartiality of more modern writers is at length beginning to do justice to their memory.

Nor is it only to the throne that we must look in order to find the great names of Byzantine history. Through the whole course of the empire's existence, there were never lacking eminent subjects who do honor to mankind and have preserved the best traditions of the classical ages. In every period there arose illustrious soldiers, able statesmen, good and saintly ecclesiastics, and, last but not least, men of learning to whom the Hellenic nation owes at least the almost unique advantage of possessing in its own language its own annals, for an unbroken stretch of more than twenty centuries.†

Let us now consider what was the incessant succession of enemies, who never left the Byzantine government a moment of respite from attack. By looking at them we shall be better able to form a fair

* Kalo-Joannes. The adjective has sometimes been translated "the Handsome" and the origin of the surname disputed. He was personally very ill-favored, in striking contrast to the rest of the Komnenian race; from which it would seem that if intended physically the nickname was a sarcasm. It is, however, generally interpreted of the noble qualities of his mind and heart, and the word (καλός) which is already applied to moral excellence by classical writers, has continued to the present day to be used more and more exclusively in that sense.

† Space does not permit me here to enlarge further upon the foregoing topics. I must be allowed to refer the reader once more to that great national work, the *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους*, of the k. Paparregopoulos. There it will be seen how the empire when in need never failed to produce a man equal to her wants.

* On this point, especially consult Procopius, *Περὶ κτισμάτων*.

† See Paparregopoulos, iii. 322-340.

‡ By Finlay, Leo III. is regarded as the true founder of the Byzantine Empire, so far as this portion of the Roman Empire may be so distinguished from its earlier phase.

judgment as to what must have been the strength and vitality of the empire itself, and what the extent of the services which by its unflinching and unflagging war of defence it rendered to Europe, or, to speak more truly, to the cause of civilized humanity.

The first adversaries against whom Byzantium had to contend were the Goths. About eighty years before the foundation of Constantinople, these savages crossed the Dniester and the Danube, and ravaged far and wide. After a variety of successes and defeats, they occupied Dacia. Constantine the Great brought them into subjection, and they remained loyal to his lineal heirs, but when these came to an end, they rebelled, and were again subdued, after a longer struggle, by Theodosius the Great. After his death they recommenced their invasions and overran and devastated Greece under Alaric. At length, however, they were checked by the imperial armies, and determined to cross into Italy. The East was thus delivered from this plague. It is out of place here to follow their career of adventure across western Europe. It is enough to remark that if they had taken root and founded States in the East, as they did in Italy, Gaul, and Spain, — if the Byzantine world had been engulfed beneath the flood of their immigration, — the history of the human race would have been a different one from that which it has been. If the East had been barbarized by the Goths as was the West, and the Eastern Empire had been destroyed, from what materials would the European Renaissance have sprung?

About a century and a half after Alaric, Belisarius and Narses, the generals of Justinian, crushed the Gothic power in Italy, and destroyed the Vandals in Africa. These military triumphs were a powerful aid to the regeneration of social life and order in the former country, by promising them protection; in the north, however, the Byzantine supremacy was not long-lived; in the central provinces it disappeared towards the close of the eighth century, at the time of the iconoclastic persecution; but in the south it lasted on into the eleventh century, when the definitive rupture between the Eastern and Western Churches was a cause not less powerful than the Norman conquests in effecting the complete severance of Italy from Greece. It must, nevertheless, be owned that the obstinate adherence of the new Rome to the traditions of the old, and the consequent interference of the

Byzantine world in affairs purely Italian, was one of the main causes which accelerated the decline and fall of the empire. On the other hand, the civilizing influence exercised by the representatives of the imperial power, the exarchs of Ravenna and the governors of southern Italy, had a larger share than is often assigned to it in gradually polishing the rough elements and preserving culture in the West.

After the Goths, came the Huns. These hordes, gradually advancing from Asia into Europe, made their appearance in the fifth century, under Attila, who, after defeating the Roman troops sent to stem the tide of his conquests, ravaged Thrace and Macedonia, and imposed a humiliating peace upon the government of Constantinople, which happened to be represented at the moment by a child and a woman, namely, Theodosius II. and his sister, the empress Pulcheria. When, however, in course of time, the husband of the latter, the emperor Marcian, ascended the throne, and Attila sent to demand the continuance of the tribute, he was met by the stern reply, "I have iron for Attila, but no gold." Whether this haughty answer, and the unflinching firmness of Apollonius, the imperial ambassador, would have been justified by the result of war, is a question which was perhaps fortunately not brought to an issue. Attila moved away westward, spreading devastation and terror around him, till the day when Aetius broke the power of the Huns upon the plain of Chalons-sur-Marne.

Next after the Goths and the Huns, came the Avars. This tribe poured down from the region of the Volga, in the sixth century. In the time of Justin II. and his successors, they devastated the Byzantine provinces, sometimes as avowed enemies, sometimes under the treacherous pretence of alliance. Priscus, the general of the emperor Maurice, at last subdued them, in the year 600. But, twenty-six years later, they advanced, in alliance with the Persians, to the very walls of Constantinople, and plundered the suburbs. The siege, however, was in vain; the Avars retired, and never afterwards played an important part in the history of the empire; but the deliverance of the capital is still commemorated by the Church in the use of the Ἀκαθιστος Ύμνος, which was composed to celebrate it.

And now it is time to speak of the Slavs. The consequences of the contact between Byzantium and the Slav tribes were much more permanent than those produced by the incursions of any other

barbarous nation; in fact, they are still to be seen at the present day. The first Slavs who attacked the empire were the Antai. They had seized Dacia, but were subdued by the great Justinian. Nevertheless, they and other Slav tribes continued to move forwards till they even entered Greece itself. From this time onwards, sometimes as allies and sometimes as enemies, sometimes as subjects and sometimes as prisoners, the Slavs scattered themselves about the empire, and at last took permanent possession of the settlements in which they are still to be found. From the sixth to the eighth century, there were frequent Slav invasions of Greece, and it is upon this fact that Fallmerayer based his famous theory to the effect that the Hellenes are extinct and that Hellas is now peopled by a Slav population.

Since I have here mentioned the above celebrated fad, I hope I may be allowed to remark parenthetically that I think my fellow-countrymen have given it a great deal more notice than its importance demands. It would really seem as if some people thought it a kind of patriotic duty to refute the whimsical fancy in question, and to denounce its author, upon every possible occasion. Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that Fallmerayer had been right in asserting that Hellas was submerged by a flood of Slav immigration, it would have been no disgrace to the Hellenes to receive an accession of foreign blood. On the contrary, many nations great in modern history owe to such an admixture the union of qualities which has raised them so high. Whether, moreover, the Slavs overspread Greece or not, no one who has any knowledge of the actual phenomena could testify to anything but that their absorption has been complete. The entirely and exclusively Hellenic character of all the features, physical and intellectual, presented by the present inhabitants of the country, is a most striking fact, almost unique in history, a glorious mark of our race, and a wondrous proof of the intensity of our national vitality.

But to continue the list of barbaric invaders from the north. Since we have spoken of Slavs, it is impossible not to speak of the Russians. The Russians first appear upon the stage of history in the ninth century, when the Scandinavian Rurik, with his Warings or Varangians, took possession of Slavia. When Rurik came southwards to Kieff, the Russians began their attacks upon the empire, from

the Dnieper.* Four times in two centuries did they set sail against Constantinople, but these attempts all failed. The first was in 864, in the reign of Michael III. (the Drunkard); the second in 907, in that of Leo VI. (the Philosopher); the third and fourth in 940 and 944, in the time of Romanus I. (Lakapenos); on the last occasion the Russian grand prince, Igor, was scarcely able to escape with a few of his ships. After the deposition of Romanus, Olga, the widow of Igor, who had not long survived his defeat, came to Constantinople, where she was baptized in 956, and by her Christianity was introduced into Russia. From this time forth, the Russians were generally friendly to the empire, and the "murderous nation of goddess Russians," as they had hitherto been termed, are henceforth designated by the writers of Byzantium "the most Christian nation." About the year 960, the grand prince Valdimir, the son of Olga, and first Christian monarch of Russia, married the princess Anna Posthuma, younger daughter of Romanus II. These relations with the empire gradually introduced civilization into Russia, where the survival of Byzantine forms and traditions in many things as well as in the imperial device of the two-headed eagle, is even now more marked than in any other country of the present day; her political and religious systems are taken from Constantinople, and so is her mission with regard to the barbarian nations of Asia.

Along with the Slavs we must reckon the Bulgars, although these latter appear in reality to be a Turkish tribe, and to have nothing in common with the Slavs except the fact that they speak (at present) a Slavonic dialect. After to a certain extent subduing the Slavs, they moved forward from the Volga to the Danube, and in 559 invaded Thrace and menaced Constantinople; but the city was saved by the aged Belisarius. Thenceforth, they were a source of continual trouble to the empire. They seemed to have reached the zenith of their power in 811, when they captured and murdered the emperor Nikephoros I., and destroyed his army. About a century later, they besieged Constantinople again, and for a time the Byzantine court was compelled to accord to their chieftain the title of *βασιλεῖς*, which they had hitherto restricted on principle to their own emperor and to the ruler of Persia, while they styled the sovereigns of Europe *ἡγῆας* (*reges*) and *ἐξουσιαστές*, and

* Called the Danopris by Constantine VII.

other princes simply ἀρχοντας. The results of alliance between the reigning houses of New Rome and of Bulgaria, the constant intercourse with the subjects of the empire, and the humanizing influence of Christianity, seemed to have mitigated the savagery of the Bulgars, when, towards the close of the tenth century, there broke out a war more frightful than ever. After a bloody struggle which lasted thirty years, Basil II., hence called the Bulgar-slayer, completely shattered their power in 1018, and Bulgaria was made a Byzantine province. But a hundred and seventy years later, in the time of Isaac II. (Angelos), they rose in rebellion again, after they had acknowledged the religious supremacy of the pope. Nevertheless, while the Latin dynasty was reigning at Constantinople, John, *kral* of the Bulgars, fought on the Greek side against the Franks. Such is an epitome of the history of the Bulgars. Unhappily, they are again to be found to-day arrayed in hostility to the Hellenic element in the peninsula.

The Magyars or Hungarians are another Turkish tribe, who, after defeating and partially assimilating the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed, filled Europe with alarm, until their power was destroyed by the German emperor Otho the Great, in the middle of the tenth century. The government of Constantinople encouraged the attacks of the Magyars upon the Slavs, but they were dangerous allies, and, until the last days of the empire, never ceased to furnish auxiliaries to its enemies as well as to itself.

Space fails me to write of the Petzenegoi, the Komans, the Khazars, and the Ouzoi. We may as well turn away at once from the contemplation of that particular class of foes who came down from the north, during six centuries, to threaten and jeopardize the Byzantine Empire. In the end the empire succeeded, often by arms, at other times by diplomacy, but most of all by the influence of religion, commerce, and civilization, not only in protecting itself against the dangers of these successive inroads, but in laying, amid these hostile and barbarous tribes themselves, the foundations of civilization and even of future greatness. Thus these tribes, either by conquest, by submission, or by alliance, became resolved into a number of small States, scattered around and sometimes even within the empire, stretching from the Caspian to Sicily and from the Sea of Azof to Syria, but all of

them States whose progress was guided by the influence of Constantinople.

The Oriental enemies of the empire were of a different sort. The Byzantine power had not there to deal with barbarous tribes, which might indeed first be conquered, but could afterwards be assimilated to the imperial State by the influences of civilization and Christianity. In the east, New Rome was called to wrestle with mighty nations, possessed of an highly organized polity and animated by a special religious faith. Europe and Asia were thus brought face to face in implacable contrast and collision; the empire of Constantinople was the representative of Europe, and the modern world owes to it a lasting debt of gratitude for the long contention by which it continued the traditions of classical Hellas in the same regard.

The continuity of these traditions was specially marked in the struggle of the empire with Persia. The sovereigns of that country, as the successors of Darius the son of Hystaspes, regarded the Strymon as their proper frontier. The emperors, on the other hand, considered themselves the representatives of Alexander the Great. The collisions between these opposing forces were terrible. Whole armies perished. Rich and fertile provinces were reduced to deserts. The combatants sometimes fairly wore one another out, and, in the moment of exhaustion, concluded some treaty which promised a duration of peace; but the wounds inflicted in the last battle were hardly healed, before the war was renewed with more carnage than ever. The deadly conflicts of so many centuries might surely have convinced both the Greeks and the Persians that it was an idle task to try to alter the boundaries assigned to each by nature. But it was not so. Neither conqueror nor conquered was willing to abstain from renewed strife. Vain was the triumph of Julian (the Apostate) and equally vain the victory of his rival, Sapor. It was in vain that Belisarius earned in battle with the Persians his earliest laurels. In the end they were overcome by Heraclius, who, after a long and glorious struggle, imposed peace upon them in 628. "Since the days of Scipio and Hannibal," says Gibbon, "no bolder enterprise has been attempted than that which Heraclius achieved for the deliverance of the empire." The peace he forced them to accept, they never broke, but the reason was that they had ceased to exist before they had had time to recover

strength for another fray. Four years later, in 632, while Persia was still prostrated from her defeat by Heraclius, and farther enfeebled by internal dissensions, she was finally conquered by the Arabs, then in the outburst of their strength. And from this point the Asiatic enemies of Christianity were no longer the Persians, but Mohammedans, the Arabs first, and afterwards, the Turks.

Persia had not yet been destroyed and Heraclius was still fresh from his victory over her, when he was confronted at Edessa by the ambassador of Mohammed, who summoned him to embrace the new religion. Against the Prophet and his followers he was not successful. Jerusalem was captured by Omar, in 637. The next year Egypt fell into the hands of Amrou, after Alexandria had sustained a siege of fourteen months. Nine years later, the Arabs under Abdallah conquered the remaining countries of Roman Africa, and, in sixty years more, under the command of Mousa, they destroyed the kingdom of the Goths, and took possession of Spain. From Spain they passed into France, but the tide of their conquests in that direction was at length arrested forever by Charles Martel upon the plains of Tours, in 732.

But while Mohammedanism was thus pouring into western Europe, Constantinople formed a barrier on the east which it utterly failed to surmount. Constantine IV. (the Bearded) had hardly begun to reign when the Arabs assailed his dominions, and in 672 the imperial city itself sustained a beleaguering of five months. The attempt was vainly repeated for seven consecutive years, and was followed in the end by a peace of thirty years' duration, but in 717 the Arabs again subjected the capital to a futile siege, which lasted thirteen months. If only they had succeeded in their first attempts, and conquered the European provinces of the Byzantine Empire, they would have been able to advance westward and unite their forces with those of their brethren who were moving northwards out of Spain. In that event, we should have had to-day no victory of Charles Martel to celebrate as the deliverance of the Christian world, and the probable result would have been that delineated by Gibbon: "A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles, from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland; the Rhine

is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet."

In 823 the Arabs from Spain conquered Crete, and when, an hundred and thirty-eight years afterwards, it was reconquered by Nikephoros II. (Phokas), that prince found it so thoroughly Mohammedanized, that it required the plantation of new colonies and a new evangelization before the island could be reclaimed to Hellenism and Christianity. The terrible example of the work wrought by the Arabs in this instance is a sufficient proof of how great was the danger from which not only the Hellenic world of the East in particular, but also Christian Europe in general, were saved by the efforts of the Byzantine emperors. Constantine IV. (the Bearded), Leo III. (the Isaurian), Constantine V. (Kopronymos), Lachanodrakon under Leo III. (the Khazar), Basil I. (the Macedonian), Kourkouas under Romanus I. (Lakapenos), and, above all, Nikephoros II. (Phokas), and John I. (Tzimiskes), by their calm heroism and their military genius, succeeded not only in checking the Arabs, but in weakening them. The day came, however, when a new enemy broke the power of the caliphs, and took their place as the mortal foe of Christianity. That new enemy was the Turk.

The Turks first appear in history towards the middle of the sixth century. Their relations with Justinian and his successors were friendly, and Heraclius was assisted by them as allies in his wars against the Persians and Arabs. They afterwards adopted the Mohammedan religion, and then joined the banner of the caliphs, who allowed themselves to be much influenced and guided by the commanders of the Turkish battalions forming their guard. In 1037, Togroul, the son of Seljouk, founded the dynasty thence called Seljoukide, and in 1068 his nephew Alp-Arslan invaded the provinces of the empire, and took prisoner the emperor Romanus IV. (Diogenes). Twenty years later, the Turks conquered Asia Minor and expelled the Fatimite caliphs from Jerusalem.

The capture of the Holy City by the Turks was the cause of the Crusades, which, instead of achieving the permanent deliverance of the holy places, effected

the impoverishment and ruin of the Byzantine Empire.

The struggle between the empire and the Ottoman Turks lasted more than two hundred years. The effort of the Turks was, by continual and violent incursions, to exterminate, if possible, the Christian inhabitants of the country, and thus to weaken it, with a view to ultimate conquest. As a matter of fact, by dint of habitually massacring the peasantry, making slaves of the survivors, and reducing the cultivated tracts to a condition of wilderness, they succeeded after a while in extinguishing the Greek population and doing away with the Greek language, in the interior of Asia Minor. The imperial armies, now growing feebler and feebler, strove in vain to repel these sudden invasions and to protect the territory and subjects of the empire. Nevertheless, the internal divisions among the Turks were so serious and their wars against the Mongols so unfortunate, that it is possible that the Byzantine government might in the end have succeeded in getting the better of them, if the young Christendom of the West had been willing to become the ally and helper of the venerable Christendom of the East. But it was not so. On the contrary, Constantinople found in the Latins, not allies, but enemies. Blinded by religious and commercial rivalries, by the question of the papal supremacy, and by the material interests of the Italian republics, western Europe failed to see that the line of defence which was imperilled was really her own, and that by being themselves the first to rend and degrade the imperial purple, the Crusaders were only hastening the moment when the Turks should trample it down in mire and in blood.

Thus it came to pass that the Eastern Empire ultimately fell before the unceasing attacks of its Asiatic foes. Equally unceasing was its strife with the enemies who assailed it from the north and west. In the case of these latter, however, there always existed a certain tie which even the storms of war could never utterly break. This tie was the common profession of the Christian religion, which always left open the door, in some sort, for the hope of a reconciliation. On the other side, it was quite different. Between Constantinople, Christian, Hellenic, and imperial, on the one hand, and the despotisms of pagan or Mohammedan Asia, on the other, there was a great gulf fixed. With them no community of life could ever be possible. The Arabs took the

place of the Persians, and the Turks took the place of the Arabs. But from the beginning to the end, the Asiatic enemy, whoever it was, was always inspired by one and the same feeling, and one and the same motive. The feeling was an intense passion of religious hatred; the motive, a rabid longing to annihilate that Christian State which formed a barrier between them and the destruction of Europe. But it was thanks to that barrier that Christian Europe was saved, first from a persecution of extermination conducted by Persian fire-worshippers, and then from a slavery where the religion of the Koran would have been propagated by the sword of the Arabs. And it was thanks to that barrier that western Europe had the time given her so to develop her strength, that, long after Constantinople herself had fallen in the struggle, a martyr in the cause of the human race, she was able to shatter the Turkish navies upon the waters of Lepanto and to rout their hordes before the walls of Vienna. Unhappily, however, the fall of Constantinople was in great part the work of that very Europe which owed and owes her so much. It is true that the death-blow was given by the battle-axe of Mahomet II., but this blow was only fatal because the victim was already half dead, and it is the Crusades which are responsible, more than anything else, for reducing her to that condition. What were they then, these Crusades, which moved Christendom, both eastern and western, to the very depths of its being, and were fruitful of consequences which the world is still experiencing to-day?

The preaching of Peter the Hermit kindled in western Europe an irresistible conflagration of religious excitement. Latin Christianity seemed to be about to emigrate bodily into Asia for the purpose of rescuing the holy sepulchre. It may possibly be the case that the movement owed a good deal of its success to the hereditary nomad instinct, transmitted to their descendants by the barbarian hordes which had convulsed and colonized Europe some five or six centuries previously. However that may be, the present migration was destined to repair all the ruin which these tribes had inflicted upon the civilization of the West, by bringing back to it once more, from the surviving representative of imperial Rome, the tradition of the classical culture of which it had been deprived.

The Crusades wear a very different aspect according as they are viewed from

an Eastern or from a Western standpoint. To the Western eye they present themselves in all the noble proportions of a great movement based upon motives purely religious, when the Europe which has since attained such vast developments, not in one continent or one hemisphere only, but in new worlds besides, first appears, the self-sacrificing champion of Christianity and of civilization, in the vigor of her strong youth and the glory of her intellectual morning. It is natural that a certain honorable pride should still inspire any family of the Latin aristocracy which can trace its pedigree to those who fought under the banner of the cross. But when the Easterns beheld swarms of illiterate barbarians looting and plundering the provinces of the Christian and Roman Empire, and the very men who called themselves the champions of the faith murdering the priests of Christ upon the ground that they were schismatics, it was equally natural that they should forget that such a movement had originally been inspired by a religious aim and possessed a distinctively Christian character.

The cruelty and violence of the Crusaders roused at once the indignation and the disgust of the subjects of the empire. From the very beginning, the Latins and Greeks regarded one another with mutual distrust. They looked upon each other not only as heretics, but as political adversaries. For this reason the attitude of the Crusaders in dealing with the Byzantine population was originally one of hostility. Their appearance upon the stage of history is the first act in the final tragedy of the empire. The tact and skill of the emperor Alexis I. (Komnenos) were able to turn the first Crusade, in 1096, to the temporary profit of his country, but both that expedition and those which followed it, in reality shook New Rome to her very foundations, shattered her forces, and drained her resources. The climax was reached in the capture and sack of Constantinople in 1204. The outrage upon the majesty of the throne, and the concomitant dismemberment of the empire, dealt it a blow from which it never again entirely rallied. "If," says Paparregopoulos, speaking of the first Crusade, "the emperor Alexis had been able to employ against the Turks the land and sea forces which he at length found himself compelled to turn against his pretended allies, and the troops which he had been obliged to send with them into Asia Minor and Syria; if he had been able to reserve for the struggle against Mohammedanism the

resources of which he was plundered by the looting and extortions of the Crusaders, he would have been able to get rid of all danger from the unbelievers far more effectually than was done by the ephemeral success of the Latins."

History has yet to treat the attitude of the Crusaders in the East from a point of view of judicial impartiality. The images of these events are still shown to us through the glass of Western prejudices. "The Latins," admits Finlay, "would not allow that their disasters were caused by their own misconduct and imprudence; they persisted in attributing all their misfortunes to the treachery of the Greeks; and though Alexis delivered many from captivity, the Crusaders generally regarded him as an enemy." According to these accounts, it was always the Byzantines who were in the wrong; they were liars and traitors; and they had no cause to regard the Crusaders with suspicion. But the Western historians, whether they be those who strive to rise above national prejudices or those who allow themselves to be carried away by them, are alike unable entirely to conceal the barbarism and self-seeking, the unceasing quarrels, the faithless disregard of oaths and treaties, and the total absence of any capacity for the direction of either military or civil affairs, which so abundantly mark the conduct of the Crusades, and especially of the earlier. Was it possible that such armies could long withstand the Mohammedan hosts, or save that empire against which they themselves actually plotted? And were not the emperors right, after a thorough experience of what they were, in doing what lay in their power to get rid of company so doubtful?

In the first Crusade, the Franks did not assume possession of the imperial throne, not because they would not, but because they could not. But when the turn of the fourth Crusade came, they were more accustomed to things Eastern, and they had the luck of finding the empire in a state of weakness and paralysis, the outcome of the unceasing wars of Manuel I. (Komnenos) and the series of revolutions which had followed him. Under these circumstances, the Latin conquest of Constantinople was easy. However, the Latin conquerors remained in possession of the imperial throne for only fifty-seven years, and during that time a glorious succession of gallant emperors gathered together in exile the now recovering forces of Greek nationalism, and turned them upon their Christian adversaries, until the day came,

in 1261, when Michael VIII. (Palaiologos) reconquered the city of Constantinople. From that moment the division between the East and West became more marked, and their mutual estrangement has been lasting. From time to time, attempts were made at reunion, but they were made without confidence on the one side and without sincerity upon the other. The fundamental element in every proposal which emanated from the West was the recognition of the papal supremacy. There were some emperors who, in moments of national weakness and peril, accepted the claims of the Latins, but the mass of the people were never willing to purchase by such a sacrifice the help of western Europe. On the contrary, when they called to mind the Frankish conquest, with its burnings, its devastation, its banishments, and its religious persecutions, they feared the Western alliance, and came to say, with Lukes Notaras, "Better a Turk's turban than a cardinal's hat." It was a mistake, of course; and a mistake which was dearly paid for. And yet, after all, who knows? Supposing that the Frankish conquest had been lasting, supposing that an enduring political edifice had been raised upon the foundation of a Latinized Byzantine Empire, supposing that the Bosphorus had been forever cleared of the Turks by the arms of the Western immigrants who would then have settled there as permanent masters, — the consequences might have been even more fatal to the free development of the purely Hellenic genius than has been the Ottoman sword. It is true that those fair lands which the Turks have blasted for four hundred years would not have suffered so long if the Franks had been their owners instead. But when the inhabitants of these lands are viewed from the purely ethnological standpoint, as *Hellenes*, they may to-day owe something even to Mahomet II. It might perhaps have been that in an Hellas definitively occupied and ruled by Westerns, the Hellenes would have lost the traditions and memories of their own ancient glories, and that to-day they might not have been what they are, but a hybrid mixture of Eastern and Western races, speaking a language reduced to a corrupt dialect, and emasculated of those elements which, amid all the calamities of their nation, have been at once their safety and their honor.

The invasion of Byzantine territory by the Normans may be regarded as an incident cognate with the Crusades, although,

as a matter of chronological sequence, it began somewhat earlier. After their conquest and occupation of a portion of northern France, these barbarians adopted the use of the French language, but they did not relinquish their own customs, their nomadic instinct, and their hunger for conquest. In the year 1016, a Norman army poured into Italy and seized the provinces still ruled by the Eastern Empire. Between 1081 and 1084, Robert Guiscard made two expeditions against Greece, but although he began by defeating Alexis I. (Komnenos) he did not succeed in establishing any permanent foothold. About sixty years later, the Normans attempted a new expedition against the empire. They captured Corfu and harried the mainland. But the emperor Manuel I. (Komnenos) repulsed them, carried the war into Italy, and compelled them to sue for a thirty years' peace. Meanwhile the same race conquered England. The difference of their fortunes in the two countries is a sufficient proof of the comparative superiority of the Byzantine Empire at the time.

The Norman incursions paved the way for the Frank occupation of Greece proper, which followed the seizure of Constantinople in 1204. This occupation lasted two centuries, but it has left hardly any abiding trace, and introduced no important change in the destiny of the country. Neither did it do anything to retard the progress of the Turkish conquest. And then Constantinople fell, and the whole Hellenic world passed into Turkish slavery. Western Europe looked on with unconcern at the appalling catastrophe. It was in vain that the last of the Palaiologoi cried to them for help. "Christendom," says Gibbon, "beheld with indifference the fall of Constantinople. . . . Some States were too weak and others too remote; by some the danger was considered as imaginary, by others as inevitable; the Western princes were involved in their endless and domestic quarrels; and the Roman pontiff was exasperated by the falsehood or obstinacy of the Greeks. Instead of employing in their favor the arms and treasures of Italy, Nicholas V. had foretold their approaching ruin; and his honor was engaged in the accomplishment of his prophecy. Perhaps he was softened by the last extremity of their distress; but his compassion was tardy; his efforts were faint and unavailing; and Constantinople had fallen before the squadrons of Genoa and Venice could sail from their harbors. Even the princes of

the Morea and of the Greek islands affected a cold neutrality; the Genoese colony of Galata negotiated a private treaty; and the sultan indulged them in the delusive hope that by his clemency they might survive the ruin of the empire."

Thus perished Constantinople, Christian and imperial. Up to her last hour she had never ceased, for more than a thousand years, to fight. In the fourth century she fought the Goths; in the fifth, the Huns and Vandals; in the sixth, the Slavs; in the seventh, the Persians, the Avars, and the Arabs; in the eighth, ninth, and tenth, the Bulgars, the Magyars, and the Russians; in the eleventh, the Koumanoi, the Petzenegoi, and the Seljoukian Turks; in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, the Ottomans, the Normans, the Crusaders, the Venetians, and the Genoese. No wonder that at last she fell exhausted. The wonder is, how she could keep herself alive so long. But it was by this long battle that she succeeded in saving from destruction, amid the universal cataclysm which overwhelmed the classical world, the civilization of the ancients, modified by the Christian religion. The moral and intellectual development of modern Europe are owing to the Byzantine Empire, if it be true that this development is the common offspring of antiquity upon the one hand and of Christianity upon the other.

From Belgravia.

CICELY CHRYSTAL.

I.

THE lecture was just over. We four girls, the lectured, were standing, notebooks in hand, in a little group in the corridor, talking in subdued tones, consulting one another on a knotty point in the history of grand jury. The lecturer came out of the lecture-room and passed us. He bowed gravely as he passed, and went hastily down the stairs, his college cap in his hand, his long gown falling limply about his tall, thin figure. We were silent until he was out of sight; then our tongues were loosened, and we no longer spoke in subdued tones.

"Poor young man!" said Lottie feelingly.

"He is grave as a judge," said Nell.

"That," said Claudia weightily, "is nervousness. He is nervous, girls — nervous of us."

But it was I who had most to say. I

leaned against the balusters, with my face towards the open door of the lecture-room, and gave the girls the benefit of all my observations.

"Yes, he is nervous," I said. "Poor young man, he is shy! When I asked him if the grand jury still existed he blushed, girls — oh, he is copper-colored to start with, I know, but he blushed *through* the copper-color —"

"For your ignorance, perhaps," suggested Claudia.

"He is very shy," said I. "He is not used, I expect, to teaching girls. He cannot forget that we *are* girls. He waited — did you notice? — until we had left the room; the other lecturers stalk out before us. I think he wanted to open the door for us and to bow us out. Oh, poor young man, he is shy! — shy and young —"

The girls were frowning at me. Claudia was touching my elbow, with mysterious meaning, on one side; Nell pulling my sleeve imperatively on the other. Lottie formed her lips into a silent "hush."

"Shy and young — very young! What is the matter?" I said.

Nobody answered me. No answer, indeed, was needed. At that moment our lecturer passed us again and went back into the lecture-room. He had come up the stairs behind me — he must have heard me. He seemed to glance my way as he passed. There seemed to be a twinkle in his grey-blue eyes. The girls moved slowly away; but I turned precipitately and fled.

Past the lecture-room door, along the corridor, up-stairs I fled, to my own little room (study, bedchamber, and reception-room) near the sky. I meant to work, and took my Stubbs and turned over its leaves, and found my place hurriedly, with unusual energy. But work would not drive away the remembrance of my unlucky speeches; the sentences bore no meaning to me; I could not fix my attention on the history of early Germanic institutions. I shut up my Stubbs in despair; the girls were playing tennis in the courts below, I seized my racket and ran swiftly down to join them. Tennis would make me forget.

But if my thoughts were distracted for an hour or two, they attacked me again when the game was over. I stood before my glass and changed my dress for dinner, and grew rosy red as the remembrance of my words came back. I had said that he had blushed because I spoke to him — I had said that he was shy — I had implied that he was shy of me because I was a

girl. I should never dare to speak to him or look at him again! I had called him copper-colored—at least I might have spared him that reproach. I looked in the glass at my own little face; it was brown as a berry—brown by nature in the first place, and made more brown by the summer sun and the breeze from the sea at home. His eyes were blue and his hair was fair. I was altogether brown—hair, eyes, skin, all brown alike. And I had called him copper-colored!—I had called him young!—what else had I called him? I brushed back my brown hair tightly and severely, tied my soft silk sash with a jerk, and ran down to dinner with a rush, hoping to escape from my thoughts again.

Perhaps, after all, I thought, trying to comfort myself, he had not heard me. My voice, alas! was clear as a bell's; I was an only girl in a family of boys—a spoilt girl who had never been taught to be meek and silent in the presence of her brothers—a talkative girl who had learnt to make herself heard in any Babel of louder and gruffer voices. But perhaps he had been thinking—not listening—meditating on the mark system, trial by jury, or the disruptive tendency of feudal government. But no, said the girls, he must have heard; there was no doubt whatever that he had heard me.

The girls were as happy as usual. They could contemplate the situation tranquilly; it even afforded them amusement; they found something humorous in my discomfiture. It was I, not they, whom he had overheard.

We sat in a half-circle on the floor before the fire that night, in our pretty, bright dressing-gowns, and drank cocoa and ate sweet biscuits before going to bed. I was hostess. The study, the little tin kettle singing on the hob, the blue and white china, the cocoa, the sweet biscuits, were all mine. We four friends gave cocoa parties in turn. To-morrow Claudia would provide the feast. Yesterday Nell had been hostess. Cocoa was the chief dissipation of our college. We gave "cocoas" as our brothers gave "wines"—it was a drink easily made, inexpensive, nutritious.

We sat round the fire on the floor, talking and laughing, holding our teacups and stirring our cocoa slowly and absent-mindedly as we talked. My guests were merry, but I to-night was unusually silent and depressed.

"After all," said Claudia sensibly, trying to comfort me—"after all, what did

you say, Cis? Nothing—nothing, at all events, that mattered. You said he was young; well, that is true. How old, girls, do you imagine he is?"

"Twenty-five," said Lottie.

"Twenty-four," said Nell.

"Very young," said Claudia conclusively.

"Then you called him shy—well, he *is* shy. You said he blushed—well, he *does* blush."

"That is just it," I groaned. "It is all so true."

"He will think you observant," said Nelly, nibbling the sugar from her biscuit with slow Epicurean enjoyment.

"He will think, at all events, that you are interested in him," said Lottie cheerfully.

"In him—a man!" I groaned, for a girl who has tyrannized over eight admiring brothers and been treated all her life with deference by fond father and uncles has an ungrateful scorn for men. I had had no meek mother and aunts and sisters to teach me humility as a becoming womanly virtue.

"Poor Cis—poor Cicely!" said the girls sympathetically. "And Saturday is coming and you will be forced to see him. You poor, poor Cicely!"

Yes, Saturday was coming. On Wednesday and Thursday and Friday I went about with a constant consciousness of Saturday's inevitable advance. Our lecturer had stated that on Saturday afternoon he would be pleased to go through our papers with us, to discuss points of interest, explain difficulties, and remove possible misconceptions. We were to go to him singly. I was to go alone to the man who I had said was shy of me and thought of me as a girl and could not forget that I was a girl, whom I had called copper-colored, who I had said blushed. The thought was terrible.

Saturday came. The girls were cheerful. "Go first, Cis," they said,—"*go* first and get it over."

"Yes, I will go first," I said. But when he came I faltered and put off the evil moment, and Claudia, Nell, and Lottie all went in before me.

"He is not shy to-day," reported Nell on her return. "I think, Cis, that perhaps we were mistaken about him. Or, perhaps, he was under the impression that we were learned girls; after our papers and our chatter he knows us better and thinks very little of us. He is solemn—horribly solemn! And no *old* man could be severer. Oh, he is quite at his ease."

Nell had reported truly. He was quite at his ease. He was sitting waiting at a table which had pens and ink and papers on it; there was no expectancy in his attitude; he seemed a little bored, indeed; he sat with his back towards the door, one elbow on the table, his hand propping his chin. He rose when he heard me, and looked at me calmly enough as he shook hands.

"Miss Chrystal?" he said.

"Yes," I said meekly.

He touched a chair that stood beside his at the table, and I sat down with a feeling of obedience. His face was grave, his manner, as Nell had said, severe; I wondered how I could have thought him nervous; he looked as though he had never blushed; he seemed quite unaffected by the consciousness that his pupil was a girl. He seated himself beside me, and drew a corrected exercise towards him.

"This, I think, is your paper, Miss Chrystal?"

"Yes," I said, in a small voice — "I — I think so, Mr. Tudor."

He was turning the pages slowly and gravely. I sat looking down at my hands folded meekly on the table, and did not see his face.

"Your first answer is — is inadequate."

"The first part of Stubbs is — is very difficult," I said, venturing to look up.

There was a strange quick little twinkle for a moment in his eyes as he glanced at me; but his lips did not smile.

"In the next question," he said slowly, "you confuse — or *seem* to confuse — two things, the Constitutions and the Assize of Clarendon — a slip, perhaps?"

He was looking steadily and calmly at me, waiting. For the first time in my life I felt small and young and meek. I forgot that I was nineteen, and no longer a schoolgirl. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own ignorance. "No — it was not a slip," I said. "Constitutional history is quite — quite new to me."

"So I had gathered from your paper," he said quietly.

His very gravity and quietness seemed like bitterest satire. He said he did not grasp my theory here — did not follow my argument there. And I had had no theory — I could not follow my own argument. He grew more grave and quiet and slow. The lump in my throat grew larger every moment. If I had been brought up in a family of girls I should have burst into tears before him. I sat still and looked at my brown fingers clasping one another, and answered briefly.

At last he pushed back his chair a little, and gave me my paper, folded.

"You will have to read very steadily, Miss Chrystal."

"Yes," I said, in a small voice.

"For some months."

"Yes," I said again.

"The rest of the class are far ahead of you."

"Yes — yes — I know," I said.

He seemed to have nothing more, wholesomely humiliating, to say to me; and I understood that the interview might end, and rose to go. He rose too, immediately. Most of our lecturers nodded at us and sat still. Mr. Tudor conceded something to my girlhood; he stood when I stood, and remained standing as he continued to speak to me. He threw out a crumb of praise.

"Your style is clear," he said. "When you deal with subjects within your grasp — when you do not get out of your depth — your style is clear decidedly. Not an altogether historical style, but lucid."

I felt that, on the whole, his blame had been less humiliating than this his praise. He held open the door for me, and shook hands gravely, with a quiet smile.

"Good-afternoon," he said.

"Good-afternoon," I replied, and I fled.

The girls had invaded my study, and were lazily stretched on my bed and window-seat and rug, waiting for me.

"Well?" they said.

I sat down beside Claudia on the hearth-rug, and tore my corrected paper into small atoms and burned them. "I hate him," I said, poking the fire vigorously and pushing the smouldering paper into the flames — "I hate him! He thinks me conceited! He thinks me horrid! He tries to be satirical because he thinks me puffed up. He laughs at me — I saw it in his eyes — more than once — always — every time I looked at him. I said — I said he blushed — I said he thought of me as a girl — I said he blushed because I spoke to him. And he despises me! And he will never, never forget."

And there I forgot that I belonged to a family of boys where no one ever wept, and burst into sudden tears; and Claudia, Nell, and Lottie fell to comforting me.

II.

As the weeks went on I grew more and more convinced that I hated and always should hate Mr. Tudor — that he thought me young, ignorant, stupid, flippant, spoilt, and conceited; that he despised

my intellect, remembered my foolish speeches, and always would remember them. His eyes had a way of twinkling when he looked at me and looked away again; all the perplexing questions seemed to fall to me, and his lips twitched when I spoke of gavelkind as a custom duty, and found Wolsey guilty under the statute of purveyance. He seemed to enjoy my blunders; the worst mistakes of Claudia, Nell, and Lottie never provoked in him even a temptation to smile.

But the bad half-hour in my week was on Saturday afternoons when I went alone to him, and sat by his side whilst he spread out that week's history paper of mine before him, and commented on its faults and required an explanation of its ambiguities, and waited patiently with most courteous attention for my answers. Now and then, glancing up at him quickly, I caught a gleam of laughter deep down in his eyes. Yet when he spoke his voice was slow and grave and weighty.

It was a Saturday afternoon in the middle of the term. I sat beside him at the table, listening meekly to his criticisms.

"You miss the point here, Miss Chrysal."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"And here you speak of impeachment as though it were procedure by bill."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"That is a somewhat grave mistake."

I could not acquiesce again. And the monosyllabic yes was the only form of answer that came to me.

"And here, I think, you were required to discuss the constitutional importance of these events?"

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"You have not done so, Miss Chrysal."

"No — I am afraid — I am afraid not."

"You mistook the question, possibly?"

He was looking gravely at me, waiting. My spoken answer, like my written answer, was not very much to the point. I spoke desperately.

"What is the good of it all?" I said.

"What does it matter about the judicial system, and who has the control of taxation? What does it matter about the Parliament, and the courts, and all the dull old laws? One can't *really* care for the constitution."

I had time, whilst he sat surveying me, to feel ashamed of my babyish, passionate speech.

"What made you think of devoting yourself to the study of constitutional

history?" he said with gentle surprise. His gentleness seemed like satire. My eyes, in spite of myself, suddenly filled with tears. Suddenly he looked away from me. He asked me no more questions. For the next five minutes he talked rapidly, without a pause. When I resolutely blinked back my tears and glanced at him, he was diligently disfiguring my history paper with crooked circles, and his face was less brown than ruddy.

After that day his eyes ceased to twinkle when he looked at me; he passed me over in class, and put the puzzling questions to Nell and Claudia, and was almost gentle when I went alone to him. He gave up asking me to expound this theory and that argument which he had failed to follow; and, when he was forced to condemn my work, he worded his blame mildly and looked away as he spoke.

"He has forgiven you, Cis," said the girls. "He completely ignores you now — for which you are thankful, Cis, are you not?"

"Very thankful," I said. I said it impressively, for I needed to convince myself as well as the girls.

I was inconsistent, for I began to wish that he would find me amusing again, and to feel pangs of disappointment in class when he passed me over, and to desire, with quite unreasonable eagerness, that he should look at me again, even if his eyes should have laughter in their blue depths.

But every week the laughter seemed further away. And if he was grave in class, he was graver still on Saturdays. He gazed steadily at my paper as he discussed it, and discussed it as though in a dream. He no longer thought me flip-pant, and conceited, and foolish, and tried to cure me. He no longer thought of me at all.

It was only at the end of the term that he set aside his perfunctory tutor manner.

"Are you going home, Miss Chrysal?" he asked me hesitatingly.

"Yes. Not at once though. For a week or two I am going to stay with Claudia — Miss Harrison, I mean. Then she will come home with me."

"I may be spending my holidays near you. Perhaps — possibly — we may meet each other."

"Oh yes, very possibly," I said. And suddenly I felt light-hearted at the thought of holidays. There was a little pause, and I rose and held out my hand.

"It is somewhere in Devonshire, is it not?" he said.

"What?"

"Your home."

"Yes. Axetown East. Quite a little place on the coast. Have you friends there, Mr. Tudor?"

"No," he said doubtfully. "I believe — I believe the fishing is good?" And it did not strike me as strange that he should be going to a place in which he had no friends, and of which he did not know the name and county.

But I did not tell the girls what he had told me. It was only at the end of my visit to Claudia that I broke the news to her. I broke it casually.

"He came for the fishing," I said. "And father and the boys seem — accidentally — to have come across him."

"Never mind," said Claudia.

"No, it does not matter," I said resignedly.

But Claudia was sympathetic next day when we arrived at Axetown East. In a short fortnight Mr. Tudor had made great strides towards friendship with all at home. He had found favor with father and the boys; his hotel was comfortless, and he deserted it frequently. He came and went at all hours, laughed and smoked with the boys, and talked sensibly like an old friend with father. He was more bronzed than ever; for a fortnight he had been fishing and rowing and walking with energy. He laughed as I had sometimes suspected he could laugh; he had left his tutor manners behind him with cap and gown. Suddenly now, at the end of a fortnight, he had grown tired of fishing and of lonely boating and walking. He haunted our house; he seemed to be always where I was. Claudia was sympathetic. And, somehow, I felt traitorous when I received her sympathy.

It was a still, warm summer evening a day or two after our arrival. We were in the drawing-room down-stairs, and the French windows were open wide. Father was showing Mr. Tudor some views of places abroad where he had been stationed at different times. Suddenly, on the still air, came a voice from the garden. Claudia was coming up the path with my brother George.

"And that is the story," she said. "It doesn't seem quite a modest thing to say a man blushes when you speak to him. Poor Cis! she has never been happy in his presence since. He will spoil her holidays. We try to praise him sometimes, but as for Cis, she will never say

anything good of him. She really dislikes him now."

"That's a pity," said George, "for Tudor — poor beggar — is in love with her."

I do not think father had heard; he was engrossed in photographs of China. I did not venture to look at Mr. Tudor. I do not think that he looked at me. But an anecdote which father was relating was new to us when he told it again next day.

It was an hour or two later that we found ourselves alone together. But George's words were ringing in my brain still. It seemed natural, now that we were alone, that he should go back at once straight to those words.

"It is true," he said gently. "I did not mean to tell you yet. I meant to try to win your love first."

I did not speak. He was standing near me by the open window, and he took my hand, and I let it rest in his.

"Do I spoil your holidays?" he asked gravely. "Are you unhappy, as your friend says, because I am here?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I do not think that Claudia knows," I answered.

"Cicely, I am very bold," he said eagerly — "very bold to speak to you now so soon. If I make you unhappy I will go. If I have no chance — no chance at all — tell me, Cicely, and send me away."

But I said nothing.

"Send me away now," he said pleadingly.

I looked up at him. I could think of no proper answer. "I do not *want* to send you away," I said.

SHELDON CLARKE.

From The Contemporary Review.
CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN
FRANCE.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

GENERAL BOULANGER and the expulsion of the princes have furnished the whole staple of political gossip for the last five months. I say the expulsion of the princes, but I ought to say the expulsion of the Orleans princes, for as to that of Prince Napoleon and Prince Victor, nobody has disturbed himself at all about it. Nothing could be more curious than the way in which the Bonapartist faction has melted away and become almost extinct within these two or three years. The fact is, that the Bonapartists generally — beginning with the noisiest of them all,

M. Paul de Cassagnac — have lost faith in the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, and are trying to keep a way open for rallying round the Orleans princes. Prince Napoleon, with all his great capacity, long ago disheartened his friends by his alternate manifestations of republicanism and Caesarism; while Prince Victor has discredited himself by his avowal of clerical predilections which clash with the freedom of his private life, and by accepting a pension from his father's enemies. The Bonapartists, indeed, still present an obstacle, both in the Chambers and in the country, to the formation of a strong Royalist party, since the Orleansists are forced to ally themselves with them under the common head of Conservatives; but they have no longer, for the present at any rate, any serious pretensions to power; they have no popularity, and no visible chance of a future. The only party in whose favor a formidable reaction could possibly take place is the Royalist party.

The law by which we have banished from French soil the heads of all the families which have once reigned in France, and empowered the government to expel by proclamation the other members of these families, was not in any way demanded by public opinion. Moderate men, for the most part, are still persuaded that it was a mistake in policy; and it is even doubtful whether those who voted for it really wished it. But it must be added that the Comte de Paris did all that lay in his power to diminish the odium of it, to justify it after the fact, and to avert the consequences which might have avenged it. Contrary to all expectation, the expulsion of the princes has really weakened the Royalists and strengthened the republic.

Those who first started the idea of expulsion in the Chamber of Deputies did so in order to embarrass M. de Freycinet, who was known to be opposed to it. After having defeated the measure on its first presentation, M. de Freycinet felt himself unable to oppose it a second time when the question was raised again on the marriage of the princess Amélie, daughter of the Comte de Paris, to the Duke of Braganza, crown prince of Portugal. Nothing could have been hollower than the pretext put forward to justify the step. The Comte de Paris had given a *soirée* at the Hôtel Galliera, and invited the foreign ambassadors. Next day, *Figaro* and some other Royalist journals contained leading articles, ridiculous rather than dangerous, in which they described the affair as a

review of the Royalist forces, an assemblage of the ministers and office-bearers of the coming restoration. At Lisbon, the Comte de Paris, alone of all the Orleans princes, had left no card at the French embassy; and why, if not because he was the king? The government, to be sure, was hardly in a position to find matter of banishment in these proceedings, since it had already, by the mouth of its minister at Madrid, presented its congratulations to the young couple, and expressed its satisfaction at a union which must strengthen the bonds between France and Portugal. In the Chamber, and especially in the Senate, it was felt by most Republicans that to banish the pretenders was to recognize their pretensions, and in some sort to justify them, while it must assuredly gain them the sympathy which always attaches to the persecuted. As long as they remained in France they practically recognized the Republican government, they were under easy observation, and they were obliged to keep quiet so as not to bring down upon themselves the suspicions of the police and the severity of the law. In a word, they were hostages for their party in the hands of the republic. The example of the Comte de Chambord had conclusively demonstrated that a real pretender could not live in France as a private citizen. By the very fact of being there the Comte de Paris laid aside the character of the heir of Henri V.; to banish him from the country was to give him back that character. What was the good of it? Was it not the glory of the republic that it was the only government in Europe that could endure the presence of a pretender within its own bosom?

Thus argued, not unreasonably, the majority of the Republican senators and deputies; and the banishment of the princes was sincerely desired only by a few ardent Royalists, who considered their king too passive, and were not sorry that he should be driven to declare himself openly. Yet many of these very senators and deputies said within their hearts: "Much as this measure is to be regretted, the moment it is urged upon us with any insistency we shall have to pass it. You cannot let a question of this kind come up time after time unsettling people's minds. If we do not pass it, they will say it is because we dare not, and we shall weaken the republic in the eyes of the rural population, who believe in nothing but force." Others, again, saw in this question a chance of overthrowing M. de Freycinet. M. de Freycinet had no idea of relinquish-

ing his portfolio for any such matter. And thus it came to pass that the law of expulsion, after small discussion either in committee or in Parliament, was accepted by the government, and passed, on the 11th and 22d of June, by a majority both in the Chamber and the Senate.

As to the general public, it was, with the exception of some few fanatics, either indifferent or indignant, and mostly indifferent. It rested with the Comte de Paris to turn indifference into indignation, or indignation into indifference. He chose a course which justified, as far as it was possible to justify, the measure of which he was the victim, and alienated the sympathies of all but those who were the mere tools of the monarchical faction.

The Royalist party, properly so called, is composed of two very marked divisions, — the Legitimists, who see in the Comte de Paris the natural heir of the Comte de Chambord and the representative of the monarchical and Catholic traditions of ancient France; and the Orleanists, who regard him rather as the grandson of Louis Philippe and the representative of the Liberal and Constitutional monarchy. Now, numerous and influential as are these two divisions taken together, the monarchy, if it is to look to them alone for its re-establishment, will find its hopes illusory indeed. In order to the restoration of the monarchy, it would be necessary that the whole mass of the intelligence of the nation, which has no political passions, but which does care about order, security, and good administration, should have grown weary of the disorders or incapacity of the Republican *régime*, and should turn to the Orleanist monarchy as its only refuge. The whole strength, the whole hope of monarchical restoration, depends on this great body of persons, who deprecate revolution, but who might prefer even revolution to the triumph of Radicalism — who are not Royalists by conviction, but who might become so by force of circumstances. In a word, the returning monarchy would command the sympathy and consent of the majority only on the ground of its being, as it is in Belgium, "the best of republics." Had the Comte de Paris, at the moment when he was leaving the country as an exile, announced in a brief manifesto that, "as a law-abiding citizen, he bowed to the decree which banished him; that he should be happy if he could see the country regain, at his personal cost, a prosperity which the republic had hitherto failed to bestow on it; and finally that, as a French

citizen, he was ever ready to serve his country in such manner as she might be pleased to command," he would have created an immense movement of sympathy throughout the nation, and he would have kept himself before its eyes, not indeed as a hope, but as a possible resource in case of need. Instead of this, he thought only of gratifying the wishes and passions of the Legitimists — that is to say, of those who are bound to him in any case by conviction and necessity, and to whom he must always seem too tepid in his own cause — just as our Republican ministers make concessions to the extreme Left, who cannot be anything but Republican, and for whom no Radicalism of theirs will ever be radical enough, instead of setting themselves to gain over to the republic the timid and conservative masses of the bourgeoisie and the agricultural districts. He has produced a piece of brilliant declamation, in which he invokes the memory of the Comte de Chambord along with that of Louis Philippe, and poses as the representative at once of divine right and of constitutional sovereignty, as if the two principles were not hopelessly incompatible. What made the manifesto all the more unfortunate was the attitude adopted by the opponents of the bill in Parliament. They all maintained that the Comte de Paris had conducted himself in every way as a private citizen, that he had never by any act committed himself to the position of a pretender, and that he assiduously respected the laws and the will of the country. By openly avowing, "I am the king," the Comte de Paris laid himself and his defenders open to the charge of hypocrisy, and justified the malicious interpretation given to his conduct by his adversaries. The effect was instantaneous. In a single moment, on the appearance of that manifesto, the innumerable sympathies aroused on behalf of the Orleans family by the persecution with which they were threatened vanished as if by enchantment. "The Republicans may have made a mistake," said the impartial public, "but the princes have no right to complain of it now."

Nor did the Comte de Paris content himself with the launching of this unhappy manifesto; he made two or three other blunders which placed his friends in a cruel dilemma and afforded matter of decision to the other side. He had let the hunting in the neighborhood of the Château d'Eu; but hardly had he arrived in England when he cancelled all his leases, on the ground that he had been deprived

of the enjoyment of them by *force majeure*. This, perhaps, was only to be expected; but what was not to be expected was that he should send letters to the mayors of Tréport and Eu, stating that he no longer considered himself bound to pay the sums he had promised towards the completion of the port of Tréport and the church of Eu. It would certainly have been at once more magnanimous and more discreet had he declared that, exiled and persecuted as he was, he was still happy to spend his fortune for the embellishment of the country which exiled him. The course he took was so much the more unlucky, inasmuch as his family have always been accused of parsimony and avarice, and were sharply criticised for the perfectly legitimate claims which they brought against the treasury after the fall of the empire. And it was most unlucky of all, because he had actually signed formal documents engaging to pay thirty thousand francs for the port and twenty-nine thousand francs for the church. The prefect stated to the council-general that he should sue the prince for the sums due from him; whereupon the Orleanists in the Council, sorely perplexed, declared that the prince could never have intended to repudiate his obligations, and that his secretary had evidently misrepresented his meaning; and finally, the prince had to write a fresh letter promising to pay the money. This incident, contemptible enough in itself, has done not a little to injure his prestige.

The Comte de Paris is clearly not cut out for the *rôle* projected for him by some of his less prudent friends, and especially by his haughty Spanish wife, who is more ambitious and more masculine than her husband. He has nothing of the pretender about him. There are pretenders and pretenders. You may be a pretender after the fashion of Monmouth, of Charles Edward, of Napoleon III., or of Don Carlos—an adventurer confident in your star, and ready to attempt the wildest enterprise to maintain your right and force the hand of fortune. Or you may be a pretender such as Louis XVIII. or Henri V., living in majestic exile, playing at sovereignty, and patiently waiting till God shall send you the crown he owes you by some means known only to himself. You will have in that case to face something worse than death—ridicule; but at least you will be logical and faithful to yourself. But the Comte de Paris is fit for neither the one thing nor the other. He is too sensible, too Liberal, too moderate, to be-

lieve in divine right or to amuse himself with playing king in a sort of *tableau vivant*, with ministers and a court and royal etiquette complete. For fifty years he has lived as a private citizen, and he cannot at his age assume a character which must seem to him like a part in a masquerade. He would not, I think, be wanting in the courage to maintain his cause in arms; but he is too conscientious to stir up civil war. The soldier who served under the republican banner of the United States, the friend of the working classes and of trades-unions, the author of so many semi-republican declarations, the enthusiastic admirer of Coligny, who was subscribing heavily not long ago to the Coligny monument in Paris, the son of the Liberal Duke of Orleans and the Protestant Helen of Mecklenburg, can hardly fail to see that he could never become king unless by a movement of public opinion similar to that which placed his grandfather on the throne. Legitimism is dead with Henri V., but there is nothing to show that the French nation may not some day, for purely practical and political reasons, be inclined to revert to a parliamentary monarchy. For the present, however, the time does not seem very close at hand. The Comte de Paris, with his manifesto and the miserable blunders which followed, has helped to postpone it. If he had any illusions on this point amidst the acclamations of the crowds of people who assembled to witness his departure, and who gave him a magnificent ovation, I am sure he has no such illusions now.

But if the Comte de Paris has made mistakes, the ministry on their side made one which was very gratuitous. By the last clause of the law of expulsion, the members of the former reigning families of France could hold no public function, civil or military. The meaning of the clause evidently was, that the princes could hold no office in the army, and could form a part of no elective body; but the minister of war, going clean beyond the letter of the law, struck them off the army list altogether—even including Prince Roland Bonaparte, a lieutenant in the reserve, who, not having the rank of a prince of the blood, ought not even to have been deprived of his employment. Had the step been legal, it would still have been unwise; for it was needless harshness to deprive the men they were removing from their posts of the mere rank which they had gained by their services. According to French law, rank is property. To de-

prive a man of his rank is confiscation, a penalty which has now no place in our code. If the Council of State deals with the formal remonstrance made by the princes in the character of a judicial rather than a political body, it is difficult to see how it can refuse to do them justice. As regards the Duc d'Aumale, the erasure of his name from the army list has had a consequence which might easily have been foreseen. He was a general; he considered that he could no longer live in France with dignity; he addressed to the president of the republic a letter couched in the most injurious terms, and it was met, as he expected, with an order of expulsion. He then avenged himself for the annoyances to which he had been subjected by an act of truly royal magnanimity. He published that part of his will by which he bequeaths to the Institute of France the magnificent domain of Chantilly, the inheritance of the Condés, with its archives, its library, its picture-gallery, and its collections—a gift which may be valued at from thirty-five to forty million francs; and which will bring the Institute, when all charges of maintenance and custody have been paid, a revenue of more than three hundred thousand francs. This revenue is to be spent in enriching the collections, in encouraging scientific research, and in pensioning aged authors, artists, and men of science. Never did any subject, never did any prince, bestow on his country so magnificent a gift. When Mazarin made France his heir, he had less to leave, and what he left had been acquired at the expense of the State. The gift was worthy of the greatest of the sons of Louis Philippe. It will serve to keep green the memory of a prince who, to the attractive grace of noble breeding and the finest qualities of a soldier, added the talent of a man of letters, the learning of a scholar, and the taste of an artist.

One can hardly help thinking that if the Duc d'Aumale has thus disposed of the nobler half of his fortune in favor of France, it is because he loves the country better than the dynasty, and has more belief in her future than in the chances of the house of Orleans. And it must be admitted that at the present moment those chances seem to be extremely slender. During the sixteen years that the republic has nominally existed, and especially during the seven years that it has been entirely in Republican hands, the number of those who have an interest in its continuance has become very great. It presents less risk of revolution than any other

form of government, because it leaves the possibility of power open to all parties; it has given France sixteen years of such tranquillity as no other country in Europe has enjoyed, and liberties which she has hitherto possessed under no other system, and which no other system could have tolerated. This is too often forgotten, and the republic does not get all the gratitude it deserves; for custom soon stales the sense of benefits conferred; but a very little reflection is enough to open one's eyes to the immense amount of liberty—liberty of the press, liberty of association, liberty of public meetings—now enjoyed in France. Even the Catholics, who consider themselves persecuted, benefit by it along with the rest, and their charities, their clubs, their schools, their associations of all sorts, have a scope and freedom of action never allowed them under the empire. Thanks to this liberty, France is now covered with a network of societies and associations of every kind, workmen's syndicates, societies for production and consumption, shooting clubs, musical clubs, gymnastic clubs; there is a whole world of free, spontaneous life, a development of individual initiative, which brings men into combination, and constitutes in itself a political education; and which perhaps is storing up for the future the collective forces needed to counterbalance the disintegration and excessive individualism brought about by the leveling spirit of democracy. The risk we really are running just now is that of falling, through the momentary triumph of radicalism, into a state of financial disorder, administrative corruption, and political helplessness, which must lead to general uneasiness and discontent. It is easy to foresee what would follow. At the next Parliamentary elections the majority would go over to the Right; and as the Right is divided into Bonapartists, Royalists, and simple Conservatives, while, on the other hand, the Senate of course remains Republican, the Right would find itself powerless to change the form of government, and forced to content itself with forming a Conservative Cabinet; and we should then once more begin at the beginning of the series of ministerial vicissitudes through which we have been passing ever since 1873.

Some deputies of the Right, with M. Raoul Duval at their head, perceiving that the situation was shaping itself in this way, have formed themselves into a new Parliamentary group, the Republican Right, giving up the contest as regards

the constitution itself, and insisting only on breaking with the Radicals and placing the reins in the hands of the Moderates. The Republican Right has been met with mockery and distrust from both sides of the Chamber, but it has got to the heart of the situation all the same. It already counts forty-seven members. Three years hence, if I am not greatly mistaken, it will count more than a hundred; and perhaps we may some day see it combine with the moderate Republicans to save the country from the incapacity of the Radicals or the revolutionary projects of the Monarchists. It may be questioned, however, whether M. Raoul Duval has all the qualities essential for the leadership of the new party. He has not been very consistent either in his views or in his conduct. He is hot and intemperate, and attacked both M. Thiers and M. Ferry with a fury quite childish in its extravagance. Moreover, he is a perfervid freetrader, and the Conservatives are almost all protectionists. Nevertheless, as he is very intelligent and a good speaker, and his ardor is of the infectious kind, it is not impossible that he may succeed in exercising a real ascendancy over his party. We sincerely hope he will; for unless the Right can afford recoiling-room for the Republican centre of gravity to fall back upon when it grows weary of the rush into Radicalism, there can be nothing before us but fresh disasters.

The ministry and the Chambers seem to have met with the best intentions, and with a sincere wish to lay aside irritating questions and give themselves to business and the budget. But the best intentions are vain when one lacks the capacity or the opportunity to carry them into effect. The budget committee — on the miscellaneous composition of which we have already commented — has hitherto done nothing but make a mess of M. Sadi-Carnot's budget. Two-thirds of the members never attend the sittings; and the most contradictory decisions are taken by six or seven votes against four or five, out of a total of thirty members. One day they vote an additional expenditure of four millions on primary education; another time, four or five different plans are propounded for raising the taxes on beverages; another time they accede to the principle of the income tax, without troubling themselves as to the possibility of introducing such an innovation in the two months between this and the first of January. Now, if the budget is not passed by both Chambers before the first of Jan-

uary, we shall have to get on as we can with "provisional twelfths;" which is nothing less than chaos and the continuation of the deficit.

This practical incapacity of the Chamber is much to be regretted, for the Chamber contains some very good elements; it is well-intentioned and thoroughly honest. This has been proved again and again, whenever questionable matters of finance have been brought before it. Thus, for instance, the government made the mistake of proposing to authorize the Panama Company to issue lottery bonds, a thing which may be permissible in extreme cases where the security is beyond suspicion (as in the case of the City of Paris bonds, where the prizes are simply intended to make up for the extremely low rate of interest on capital which is thoroughly guaranteed), but which becomes mere gaming, a lottery pure and simple, when it is a question of a speculative enterprise like the Panama Canal, where the capital itself is by no means free from risk. But in spite of all the glamor that surrounds M. de Lesseps's daring and gigantic scheme, in spite of all the patriotic interest felt by Frenchmen in its success, the Chamber, convinced by the masterly report of M. Rousseau of the risks of the undertaking, refused to give the sanction of the State to the proposed lottery; and the company, notwithstanding the enormous rate of interest they offered, had the greatest difficulty in getting their bonds taken up to the amount of three hundred millions. In the same way, when M. Granet proposed, at the end of last session, to authorize the construction of a new transatlantic cable, and the formation of a telephone company which undertook to supply a telephonic service throughout the whole of France, offering the State fifteen per cent. only of the profits, and demanding in return a thirty-five years' monopoly, the deputies at once suspected a job, and in the face of their objections the schemes were withdrawn, at least for the time.

These incidents, taken together with the small success of M. Sadi-Carnot's scheme with the budget committee, show that the government has in fact but very little authority in Parliament. M. de Freycinet is perfectly aware of this, and seems bent rather on paving the way for his election to the presidency of the republic than on throwing much energy into the fulfilment of his functions as head of the Cabinet. The tour he made in the south at the end of September gave him

an opportunity of eliciting the acclamations of the populace, of protesting his devotion to the republic, and of making three speeches, the hollowness of which was well disguised by the charm of his supple and persuasive oratory. To flatter the Radicals while reassuring the Conservatives, to preach peace to irreconcilable factions, to make himself the accepted—even the chosen—of all, to be recognized as the only man capable of representing at once all Republicans of every shade,—such is the task which M. de Freycinet has set himself, and he is accomplishing it with consummate skill. He guides our foreign policy with the same dexterity. His whole method consists in never saying exactly what he thinks, and never meeting a difficulty straight in the face. The result of such a policy is of course the effacement of France in Europe. Thus, with regard to events in Bulgaria, nobody could possibly have told which side had the sympathies of the French government. On the other hand, we have had the advantage of doing nothing rashly, and of keeping a free hand. In the colonies—in Tonquin, Madagascar, Tunis—this mild and temporizing policy seems likely on the whole to bear good fruit. Nevertheless, it lacks clearness, and it has the disadvantage of keeping our agents abroad in a state of uncertainty and discomfort. French diplomacy, which was making a very good figure in Europe in the time of M. Ferry, has lost much by the resignations which followed the expulsion of the princes, by the ill-timed recall of General Appert from St. Petersburg, and the retirement of M. de Courcel from Berlin. The treaty of commerce concluded in China is far from giving all the satisfaction expected from it; the treaties of commerce with Mexico and Roumania are still kept in suspense by M. de Freycinet's indecision; and the whole business of the navigation treaty with Italy has been so mismanaged that it very nearly came to a rupture of commercial relations altogether. But if M. de Freycinet lacks resoluteness in bringing things to an issue, at least he has endless devices for picking them up again when they have fallen through, readjusting ill-laid plans, and mending mistakes which seemed almost hopeless.

Is the government, then, approaching its fall, or will the coming session confirm it in office? It would not be easy to form another government just now; and yet the present ministry has given many causes of dissatisfaction. The weakness shown

in the matter of the Decazeville strike, the pardon granted to MM. Duc Quercy and Roche when they were convicted for publishing false news, the support given by some of its members to the Socialist faction, its impotence against the deputies in everything relating to the appointment and removal of officials, its over-readiness in accepting doubtful financial schemes,—all this has created much discontent. But the real risk to the Cabinet lies in the presence of General Boulanger. General Boulanger is a very curious and interesting personage, and his history is well fitted to inspire wholesome reflections on the dangers incident to democracies. After having, by his own talents and bravery, risen rapidly in the army during the war of 1870, passing within a few months through every grade from captain to colonel, M. Boulanger began his political career by attaching himself to the person of the Duc d'Aumale, and counting as a devoted adherent of the Conservative party. He was colonel in the *corps d'armée* commanded by the Duc d'Aumale, and it was to the duke's patronage that he owed his promotion to the generalship. He afterwards commanded in Tunis, where he was always coming into collision with M. Cambon, because he was dreaming of nothing but military expeditions, while M. Cambon was for purely pacific action. On his recall to France, he allied himself with M. Clémenceau, and, rightly or wrongly, he is credited with being his representative of the Cabinet. Young, and of noble bearing, he has never missed an opportunity of forcing himself on public attention by tours, by speeches, by circulars. He has reconstituted the organization of the ministry of war from top to bottom; he has remodelled the soldier's uniform, his beard, and his bed. At the review of the 14th of July he was parading on a black horse, all got up for the purpose, and surrounded by a brilliant staff. He has been the creator of the Military Club; and he has brought in a bill for the complete reconstruction of our military system. This active, brilliant, indefatigable, exuberant minister, who in person somewhat resembles H. Regnault's portrait of General Prim, has of course made some few mistakes, spoken some imprudent words; but what discredited him the most was his declaring from the tribune that the Duc d'Aumale had had nothing to do with his promotion to the generalship; and then, when the duke produced his letter of acknowledgment, denying the authenticity of the letter, to

begin with. Nevertheless, in spite of this unpleasant occurrence, General Boulanger is still popular. He is the first Republican statesman since the death of Gambetta who has made ardent partisans, and, above all, has been able to excite the enthusiasm of the crowd. Nor has he acquired this prestige with the people only, but also with the army — with those soldiers on whom he lavishes leave of absence and additional time out, whom he has decorated with a beard and relieved of a knapsack — with those officers whose promotion he anticipates, and who are delighted to see the army once more filling a place and making a noise in the world. Now, in a democracy, the danger of a military dictatorship can never be absent. France must necessarily deprecate a European war. Victorious or vanquished, she would be almost sure to fall under a military despotism. If a democracy is to retain its liberties, it must, like Switzerland and the United States, give up all idea of military glory. The presence of General Boulanger is an embarrassment to the Cabinet; he has bitter enemies among his colleagues themselves; and he has excited the distrust of many members of the Chamber. But, on the other hand, his popularity adds strength to the government, and with all his faults he is more active, more energetic, and more practical than most of his predecessors. For the first time in all these sixteen years, the great manœuvres have been intelligently directed, and have produced appreciable results in the way of military training.

The department which has done the most good work during the last few months is that of public instruction. It has been resolved to divide secondary education into two great sections, pretty nearly analogous to the English classic form and modern form. Hitherto the division known as *enseignement spécial* has been nothing but a sort of advanced primary education, purely practical and scientific in its character; it is now to include literary as well as scientific studies, modern languages taking the place of Latin and Greek. It is hoped that by this means the division for classical education, properly so called, may be relieved of a number of pupils who went through their course without pleasure and without profit; and that this will tend to raise the standard of Greek and Latin, while it enables those who give up these subjects to obtain an education more fitted for their requirements.

In the matter of higher education an-

other step has been taken by the creation, at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, of a special section for the religious sciences. This includes the study of the religions of antiquity, the religions of the East, Islamism, and Christianity. The names of M. Réville, M. Havet, and M. Sabatier are sufficient guarantee for the spirit in which these studies are to be conducted. The teaching is purely scientific, and free from dogmatic tendency of any sort, but it is not irreligious or hostile to the Christian faith. At the Faculté des Lettres free courses of lectures have been started in addition to those of the professors appointed by the State; and the geographical teaching has been considerably strengthened. At the Ecole Libre de Sciences Politiques, a colonial section has been opened, which is to form our future colonial administrators by teaching them the languages, history, and law of the countries they are to govern. The impulse given to geographical, commercial, and economic studies, and also to historical and linguistic research bearing on distant countries, will not be among the least of the advantages to be derived from the colonial movement of recent years. M. Paul Bert will have done immense service by settling, as he has done, with all his family in Tonquin, getting up industrial exhibitions there, and starting an institute on the spot for the study of the far East. M. de Brazza and M. Ballay are doing the same for the Congo. Already our young men, as they pass out of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales or the Institut Agronomique, are showing less disinclination to emigrate. Books on the colonies follow each other thick and fast. There is M. Rambaud's work, "La France Coloniale," in which each of the colonies is treated in a separate chapter and by a different author, mostly by officers of marine or merchants who have lived in the countries they describe. M. Rambaud prefaces the collection with a sketch of the history of the colonies generally, and adds a concluding chapter.* There is M. Vignon's "Les Colonies Françaises." There is the fine colonial atlas published by Messrs. Berger-Levrault. There are M. Pauliat's clever essays on colonial enterprise under Louis XIV. There is M. de Lanessan's work, "L'Expansion Coloniale de la France."

* M. Rambaud has also written an introduction to the French translation of Seeley's "Expansion of England," while M. Lavisse commends to the French public a capital translation of Freeman's Historical Geography, by M. Lefèvre.

M. de Lanessan, after serving nine years as a naval surgeon, has been made a professor at the *Faculté de Médecine*. He was also elected to Parliament, and at once made himself a specialist in colonial affairs. It is not long since he came back from a voyage to Tunis; and he is just off again on an expedition of inquiry through all our colonies in the far East. He doubtless aspires to be some day under-secretary of state for the colonies, or even colonial minister. Meanwhile he has published a book crammed with facts and ideas on our colonial empire. There are in France at this moment two very distinct currents of public opinion on the question. Some minds are chiefly impressed by the enormous cost of our colonies, and the very small return we get from them. The twenty million francs a year lavished on Senegal, the attempts to establish a trade route to the upper Niger, the millions spent in governing the deserts on the right bank of the Congo, or in exercising an imaginary protectorate over Madagascar, or even in really reigning over a real population in Tonquin, seem to them so much money wasted, which had better have been left in the ratepayer's pocket. They see in it nothing but an opportunity for a number of private persons, purveyors to the State, to enrich themselves at its expense, without any sort of advantage to the public. To others the colonial movement, if it counts for little in the budget returns, or in the tables of French commerce, is a much-needed stimulus and a proof of national vitality; they think that with perseverance the results will become more appreciable; they see that Algeria, Tunis, and Cochinchina have already entered on the path of prosperity; they cannot regard it as indifferent whether or not France is to be represented in all parts of the globe along with Germany and England; they hope that after the present commercial crisis, in which France has been suffering for her inability to compete with the cheapness of German and English goods, she may regain her rank by the quality of her products. The future alone can show which of these two points of view is the true one. I am tempted myself to believe in the second, and to think that the forty or fifty millions spent on the colonies will not have been spent in vain.

The summer is not generally a great time with the publishers; but this year it has given us a few books which must rank high among the productions of the year. Of the theatre, there is, of course, almost

nothing to say, as it is always deserted in summer; the only thing to be noticed is an interesting experiment of M. E. Moreau's at the *Vaudeville* — "*Gerfaut*." Taken from a novel of Charles de Bernard's, now some forty years old, its interest centres in the character of a man of letters, whose distinctive qualities — his pessimism, his passion for desiccating analysis, his detestation of women — are, nevertheless, all thoroughly modern. In spite of a few faults of inexperience, and some worse defects of style, the piece contains some thoroughly dramatic scenes. The only other novelty has been the production of "*Hamlet*" at the *Français*, which was a real triumph for Mounet Sully.

In fiction, M. Viau — better known under his pseudonym of Pierre Loti — has given us a really fine thing in his "*Pêcheur d'Islande*." For the first time the author of "*The Mariage de Loti*," "*Le Spahi*," and "*Mon Frère Yves*," has produced a book which not only contains many fine passages, but is beautiful and harmonious throughout, and free from the tedious repetition and the sensual and enervating scenes which too often disfigured his previous works. The strong sea air has at last blown away the soft scents of the Eastern world amidst which he languished a while ago; but he has kept the subtle charm, the thrill of sensibility, which communicates itself unawares to the reader and pervades him with a delicious melancholy. Everywhere in nature, as everywhere in the hearts of men, Pierre Loti finds this melancholy. No one has felt, no one has expressed as he has, the powerlessness of man against the inexorable indifference of things, the vanity and brevity of all human effort. His descriptions of nature, without any device of overcharged or vivid color, are wonderfully forcible and true; and especially his descriptions of nature at sea, for as a naval officer he has had the opportunity of studying the sea under all its aspects. No one, again, has seen deeper than he has into the heart of the poor and simple, or has given fresher and more sympathetic expression to their thoughts. Moreover, this author, in some ways so ultra-refined, possesses the secret of stirring the emotions by the very simplest means. "*Pêcheur d'Islande*" is the story of a Breton fisherman beloved by a girl whom he regards as too much his superior for him even to have dreamt of raising his eyes to her. They marry, and he dies at sea the summer after the marriage. In one of

their conversations, where Yann, the fisherman, is speaking of the cod-fisheries on the Icelandic coast, his wife asks him whether it is not very dull out there sometimes, doing nothing but fishing. "Oh, no," answers Yann; "I am never dull at sea." The unconscious words light up the whole chasm that divides the sailor, whose heart is with the sea, and the wife, whose heart is with her husband far away.

Next to "Pêcheur d'Islande" comes another story of country life by M. Pouvillon, "Jean de Jeanne." M. Pouvillon is another lover of the poor and lowly; but while Pierre Loti appropriates the sailors, he devotes himself to the peasantry. If he has not, like Loti, created for himself an absolutely original vehicle of expression, strong and elastic as Michelet, harmonious almost as Chateaubriand, he writes at least in pure and delicate French, to which his intimate knowledge of the peasant's modes of thought and speech gives a stamp altogether its own. M. Pouvillon has sometimes been charged with using too many provincialisms, too much of the local *patois*. In "Jean de Jeanne" he has simplified his manner as much as possible, without losing the qualities of finish and conciseness which gave it its value. This simple story of a little bastard child brought up by charity, disdained by the girl he loves, and keeping his love for her when she has been betrayed and deserted, makes a pathetic idyll, and is at once true to nature and good in tone.

Then come some good history books. The Duc de Broglie has finished his *souvenirs de son père*. Less varied than the first volume, which we noticed some months ago—for instead of taking us over the length and breadth of Europe they tie us down pretty closely to the home policy of France between 1815 and 1830—these two volumes are nevertheless a very important historical contribution, and they give a lively picture of the state of parties and parliamentary life at the time. The sincerity and high character of Victor de Broglie, the breadth of his views, give special value to his testimony. M. Boulay de la Meurthe investigates with patient care the "Dernières Années du Duc d'Enghien." Often as this dark episode in Napoleon's history has been treated, its various points of detail have never before been thus closely worked out. M. Boulay de la Meurthe tries hard to penetrate Napoleon's motives, and to understand how he could possibly imagine the seizure and trial of that unhappy young

prince to be either necessary as a precaution or in any way defensible on grounds of equity. The story is told with consummate art, and the book is as remarkable for its literary as for its historical merit. We have also to notice, among works of erudition, the first volume of a work by M. Flach on "Les Origines de l'Ancienne France," and the third volume of M. de Beaucourt's great "Histoire de Charles VII." M. Flach has undertaken a task somewhat similar to that attempted by M. Fustel de Coulanges in his "Institutions Politiques et Administratives de l'Ancienne France," but with the special object of throwing light on the mechanism of the social organization in feudal times. This first instalment—"Le Régime Seigneurial"—shows the feudal system in its connection with the epoch which preceded it, and marks how Carolingian anarchy precipitated the transformation of society. M. Flach is master of his subject; his book is full of facts and new authorities, and at the same time it is pleasant reading. M. de Beaucourt's work took the Gobert prize at the Académie des Inscriptions, and certainly the distinction was fairly earned. In point of erudition the book is a perfect marvel. The whole diplomacy of Charles VII. is here for the first time searched out and thoroughly elucidated. A perfectly new light is thrown even on the character of the king himself; and if M. de Beaucourt has not succeeded in quite exculpating him from the basenesses alleged against him with regard to Joan of Arc, he has, at least, done much to attenuate them. He has also fairly disposed of the story which attributed to Agnes Sorel the honor of having roused his energies and his sense of regal duty. He proves, in the first place, that Charles never can have been quite as indolent as he has been represented, and in the second, that he knew nothing of Agnes Sorel till after the chief events of his reign. It is much to be regretted that so learned and valuable a work should not have been more skilfully and attractively written.

Lovers of choice French will, on the other hand, read with delight a little volume by M. J. J. Weiss, "Au Pays du Rhin." This story of a journey in Alsace, and to Frankfort and Homburg, is a marvel of observation, wit, and poetry. The feelings of the inhabitants of Alsace with regard to the annexation are thoroughly and impartially analyzed. M. Weiss thinks—and proves—that the Alsations are very easily Germanized so far as lan-

guage, customs, and institutions go; but that the tie of affection which binds them to France will not be loosened any the more for that, and that an implacable political antagonism will still separate them from Germany. As for Germany herself, M. Weiss speaks of her with sincere admiration; and he has one chapter on the Bismarcks which is a really exquisite bit of history and psychology. It is curious to notice how much way the spirit of justice to Germany has made in France of late. We no longer feel bound always to detract or deride; and we realize that to cope with an enemy you must first estimate him at his full value. This is the spirit displayed by M. E. Simond in his sketch of "L'Empereur Guillaume," where the character and career of the aged sovereign are depicted and pronounced upon with perfect competence and candor.

But we must expect neither candor nor moderation from M. Henri des Houx, the late director of the *Journal de Rome*, who has just given us the story of his experiences and adventures in the Eternal City, in two volumes, bristling with wit, cleverness, and malice — "Souvenirs d'un Journaliste Français à Rome," and "Ma Prison." In the first of these volumes he describes the court of the Vatican, and tells us how his journal was suppressed by the intrigues of the semi-Liberal coterie which surrounds Leo XIII. In the second, he describes the prison into which he was thrown by the Italian government for taking up the defence of the papal sovereignty. M. des Houx is a furious Legitimist and a fanatical Ultramontanist — at least, this is the supposition. But such was his attachment to the Comte de Chambord, that since his death he has turned Republican, and riddles the Orleans princes with a perpetual play of sarcasm; and such was his admiration for Pius IX. that there is no accusation too venomous for him to bring against Leo XIII. for abandoning his predecessor's attitude of implacable hostility towards the kingdom of Italy, and adopting what is in many respects a national policy. But the book must be read to know what a pious soul can rise to in the way of hatred. He lavishes protestations of devotion and respect on the pope, he declares that he bows to the hand which smites, and to the decree which forbids the continuance of his journal; but he accuses him all the same of avarice, egotism, duplicity, and every baseness a man can commit. He spares the papal court no more than he spares the pope. All the pope's favorites, all the

members of the Perugian faction, are painted in grotesque or odious colors, while the friends of Pius IX. are transformed into angels of light. Never has there appeared a more cutting and cruel attack on the pontifical court than this book by a defender of the papacy. There is less gall and even more of wit and humor in the other volume, in which the deplorable arrangements of the *carcere nuovo* are described in a masterly fashion, and in which also there is an interesting account of the formation of the Italo-Prussian alliance, from the pen of an eyewitness. In each of the two volumes we find some chapters of travel — visits to Ischia after the earthquake, to Capri, to Pæstum, and to Sicily. These chapters are perhaps the best of all from a literary point of view. The description of Ischia in ruins is a thing never to be forgotten, and the beauty of Capri has never found a truer or a more appreciative exponent.

The publication of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo still goes on. The new volume is a poem, "La Fin de Satan." If the "Théâtre en Liberté" had better have been left in the portfolio to which its author had consigned it, it is far otherwise with this. The subject is, as it were, a counterpart of Alfred de Vigny's "Eloa." Alfred de Vigny imagines an angel, sprung from a tear of the Redeemer, moved by compassion to follow Satan into hell; Victor Hugo starts from the other side, and imagines Satan saved by the love of an angel. But this somewhat uninteresting fable is used by Victor Hugo only as a thread on which to string a series of the great scenes of the Old and New Testaments. It is practically another volume of the "Légende des Siècles," and is marked by the same epic character. Along with a good deal of trash and bad taste, the poem contains some of Victor Hugo's finest passages. His Old Testament scenes are done with a power worthy of Milton, and when he speaks of Christ it is in accents of inimitable sweetness. The beauties which sparkle on every page of this work make us look impatiently for the two volumes of "Toute la Lyre" promised us this winter.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted that at this moment the fame of Victor Hugo is undergoing its season of reaction. Such was the adulation offered him during his last years, that to many his death brought a sense of positive relief; the recoil has been marked by a revival of admiration for his illustrious rival, Lamartine, who

had been well nigh forsaken for twenty years. The speeches and leading articles on the uncovering of his statue at Passy, show the sort of astonishment felt by a generation accustomed to the laborious verse of our literary jewellers and gem-engravers, as they listen to the song of this inspired poet, to whom verse was the natural and spontaneous vehicle of his thoughts. He sang, he said, as the wind blows, as the rivulet bubbles while it runs; he was no journeyman poet; it was no handicraft with him; it was nature's inspiration. M. Sully Prudhomme, the greatest of our living poets, speaking at the inauguration of the statue in the name of the French Academy, characterized his genius very finely. Yet one perceived in all he said that Lamartine was a late discovery with him; he had not been brought up upon him. So completely has the poet been for all these years neglected and forgotten. Sully Prudhomme himself has just published a new volume, "*Le Prisme*;" which, though mostly inferior to his earlier work, contains some pieces of the first rank. In one of these, "*Le Tourment Divin*," he treats with great profundity of thought and force of expression the aspiration of all natures after a higher life, and the mournful solitude in which the loss of religious hope has left the hearts of men in our own day.

The end of last August gave us a fête such as we have not often the opportunity of witnessing. It was the hundredth birthday of M. Chevreul, the great chemist, to whom we owe the discovery of stearic acid and the theory of colors. What makes M. Chevreul a real physiological wonder is not so much his age itself as the perfect preservation of all his faculties. He still goes on working, still sends in fresh memoirs to the Academy, and he is the only member on the management of the *Journal des Savants* who does not go to sleep during the sittings of the editorial committee. The appropriate fête for one who calls himself *le doyen des étudiants*, would naturally have been one of an exclusively academic character. But, unluckily, M. Chevreul was born on the 31st of August, and by the 31st of August there is not a professor nor a student left in Paris. So there was nothing for it but to give M. Chevreul such a fête as might have done for an artist, or a favorite actor—a concert at the Opéra, a dinner, and a torchlight proces-

sion. M. Chevreul gave the finest proof of his frosty vigor by surviving the fatigues of such a terrific day.

The magnificent summer we have been enjoying has been favorable to the public health; and never has the obituary shown fewer names of note than during the five months just past. The only really noteworthy person who has passed away is the Duc Decazes. The duke came of a plebeian family, and his duchy was a Danish title. He was not Duc Decazes at all, but Duc de Glücksberg. Alongside of the politician—before and after the politician—he was always the man of business and of speculation; and for many years he kept fortune at his beck, only to find her at last slipping away from him, even as his political star had already deserted him. Of the politician himself, what shall we say? He was for three years, under the government of Marshal MacMahon, the necessary and irremovable minister for foreign affairs. He is credited with having helped by his adroitness to avert the war which was threatening France in 1875. And at least it is no small merit to have maintained the position of France in Europe during the years from 1875 to 1877. But whether he can fairly be regarded as a minister with a policy, or only as a minister with *savoir faire*, it might be difficult to say. One thing might lead us to the conclusion that he had a policy, and a very simple and narrow one, for in spite of all the Liberal traditions of his origin and his past career, in spite of his own recent association with the policy of M. Dufaure, he allowed himself to take part in the ludicrous and disgraceful business of the 16th of May. He fell from power, never to regain it; and little more was heard of him except under the colonnade of the Bourse. It is said, however, that he was the adviser of the Comte de Paris in foreign matters, and that he negotiated the marriages with the Duke of Braganza and the Prince of Denmark. If it were so, it gave him one more title to the reputation he enjoyed as a very clever man; but whatever may have been said by the orators who spoke at his funeral, and whatever may be true of his abilities and the undeniable services he rendered to the country, he certainly possessed, along their higher range, neither the intellectual faculties nor the qualities of character which are necessary to make a great statesman.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A SECRET INHERITANCE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

My earliest distinct remembrances are of a mean and common home in London, in which I lived with my parents and a servant named Fortress. She was a young woman, her age being twenty-four or five, but her manners were as sedate as those of a matron who had a distaste for frivolity and tittle tattle. She performed her duties quietly and in silence, and seldom spoke unless she were first addressed. She did not take the trouble to render herself agreeable to me, or to win my affection. This was entirely to my liking, as I was of a retired habit of mind and disposition. It was not unusual for weeks to pass without our exchanging a word.

We were surrounded by squalid thoroughfares, the residents in which were persons occupying the lowest stations of life, human bees whose hives were not overstocked with honey, being indeed, I have no doubt, frequently bare of it. This was not the result of indolence, for they toiled early and late. I saw, and observed. Sometimes I wondered, sometimes I despised, and I always shrank from close contact with these sordid conditions of existence. If I had possessed a store of pocket money it is not unlikely that a portion of it would have been expended in charity, but I will not affirm that I should have been impelled to liberality by motives of benevolence. We were, however, very poor, and my father seldom gave me a penny. I did not complain; I had no wants which money could gratify. I did not consort with other children; I did not play or associate with them; when they made advances towards me I declined to receive them, and I held myself entirely aloof from their pleasures and occupations. In this respect I instinctively followed the fashion of our home and the example of my parents. They had no friends or intimate acquaintances. During the years we lived thus poorly and meanly, not a man, woman, or child ever entered our doors to partake of our hospitality, or to impart what would possibly have been a healthy variety to our days.

Our dwelling consisted of two rooms at the top of a small house. They were attics; in one my mother and Mrs. Fortress slept, in the other my father and I. The bed he and I occupied was shut up during

the day, and made an important pretence of being a chest of drawers. This room was our living-room, and we took our meals in it.

In speaking of our servant as Mrs. Fortress I do not intend to convey that she was a married woman. My impression was that she was single, and I should have scouted the idea of her having a sweetheart; but my parents always spoke of and to her as Mrs. Fortress.

From the window of our living-room I could see, at an angle, a bit of the river Thames. The prospect was gloomy and miserable. There was no touch of gaiety in the sluggish panorama of the life on the water. The men on the barges, working with machine-like movement against the tide, were begrimed and joyless; the people on the penny steamers seemed bent on anything but pleasure; the boys who played about the stranded boats when the tide was low were elfish and mischievous. The land life was in keeping. The backs of other poor houses were scarcely a hand-shake off. On a sill here and there were a few drooping flowers, typical of the residents in the poverty-stricken neighborhood. Sometimes as I gazed upon these signs an odd impression stole upon me that we had not always lived in this mean condition. I saw dimly the outlines of a beautiful house, with gardens round it, of horses my parents used to ride, of carriages in which we drove, of many servants to wait upon us. But it was more like a dream than reality, and I made no reference to it in my parents' hearing, and did not ask them whether my fancies had any substantial foundation.

When I say that a cloud rested upon us, I mean the figure of speech to bear no partial application. It was dark and palpable; it entered into our lives; it shadowed all our days. On more than one occasion I noticed my parents gazing apprehensively at me, and then piteously at each other; and upon their discovering that I was observing them they would force a smile to their lips, and assume a gaiety in which, young as I was, I detected a false ring. My mother did not always take her meals with us; my father and I frequently sat at the table alone.

"Your mother is not well enough to join us," he would sometimes say to me, if he saw me gazing on the vacant chair.

There were occasions when he and I would go into the country, and I do not remember that my mother ever accompanied us. There would be no preliminary preparation for these trips, nor was

it customary for my father to say to me on the morning or the evening before these departures, "We are going into the country to-morrow, Gabriel." We always seemed to be suddenly called away, and our return was also sudden and, to me, unexpected. These holidays would, in the ordinary course of things, have been joyfully hailed by most poor lads. Not so by me. They were most melancholy affairs, and I was glad to get back from them. My father appeared to be suffering from greater anxiety in the country than in London. The excuse for these sudden departures was that my mother was ill, and needed quiet. We stopped at poor inns, and had no money to spend in junketings.

"I would like to take you to such or such a place," my father would say, "but I cannot afford it."

"It does not matter, father," I would answer. "I should be happy if I only had my books about me."

It was the being separated from my little library that made the country so irksome to me. I was passionately fond of reading, and my store of literature consisted of books which had belonged to my father, and had been well thumbed by him. They were mine; he had given them to me on my birthday. Of their nature it is sufficient to say here that they were mostly classics, and that among them were very few of a light character.

One morning a ray of light shone through the dark spaces of our lives.

We were sitting at breakfast in our lodgings in London when Mrs. Fortress brought in a letter for my father. It was an unusual event, and my father turned it over leisurely in his hand, and examined the writing on the envelope before he opened it. But his manner changed when he read the letter; he was greatly agitated, and my mother asked anxiously, —

"Have you bad news?"

"No," he replied, "good."

He was silent for a few moments, and his next words were, —

"Mildred, can you bear a shock?"

"Yes," said my mother, "as the news is good."

"We are rich once more," my father said, and then exclaimed, as he gazed around upon the mean walls of our apartment, "Thank God!"

A relative of ours had died in a distant land, and had left his fortune to my father. My father had had no expectations from him, and had, indeed, almost forgotten his existence. The greater was our surprise

at this sudden change in our circumstances.

Although there were formalities to be gone through before my father came into possession of the large legacy, and although seven or eight weeks elapsed before we removed from our poor lodgings, the change from poverty to riches was almost immediately apparent. My father presented me with a purse containing money. I do not remember how much, but there were sovereigns in it.

I was not proud; I was not elated. The prospect of living in a better place, with better surroundings, was agreeable to me, but it did not excite me. With my purse in my pocket I went to a shop in which second-hand books were sold, and among them some I desired to possess. I bought what I wished, and carried them away with me. On my way home I noticed a little girl sitting on a doorstep, and there was a wan look in her pale face which attracted me. By her side was a crutch. As I stood looking at her for a moment, the string with which my books were tied became undone, the paper in which they were wrapped burst, and the books fell to the ground. I stooped to pick them up, but the books, being loose and of different sizes, were cumbersome to hold, and I called to the girl that I would give her a shilling if she helped me.

"A shilling!" she exclaimed, and rose upon her feet, but immediately sank to the ground, with a cry of pain.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked. "I haven't hurt you, have I?"

She pointed to her crutch. Thinking that she wished me to hand it to her I lifted it from the ground, and found that it was broken.

"You are lame," I said.

"Yes," she said, looking at me admiringly from her crouching position (the twitch in her leg had caused her but momentary suffering) "I can't stand without my crutch, and it's broke."

"But you tried to stand when I called to you."

"Oh, yes; you said you'd give me a shilling, and I didn't think of my leg."

Much virtue in a shilling, thought I, to cause one to forget such an affliction.

"I wouldn't mind buying you a crutch," I said, "if I knew where they were sold."

"There's a shop in the next street," said the girl, "where the master's got the feller one to this. It's a rag and bone shop, and he'll sell it cheap."

"I'll show you the shop, young sir, if you like," said a voice at my elbow.

The tone and the manner of speech were refined, and it surprised me, therefore, when I turned, to behold a figure strangely at variance with this refinement. The man was in rags, and the drunkard's stamp was on his features, but in his kind eyes shone a sadly humorous light. Moreover, he spoke as a gentleman would have spoken.

I accepted his offer to show me the rag and bone shop, and we walked side by side, conversing. To be exact I should say that he talked and I listened, for he used twenty words to one of mine. This kind of social intercourse was rare in my experiences, and it proved interesting, by reason of my chance companion being an exception to the people who lived in the neighborhood. Few as were the words I uttered, they, and the books I carried under my arm, served to unlock his tongue, and he regaled me with snatches of personal history. He was familiar with the books I had purchased, and expressed approval of my selection. He had, indeed, been born a gentleman, and had received a liberal education.

"Which has served to convince me," he observed, "that if it is in the nature of a man to swim with the current into which he has drifted or been driven, swim with it he must, wheresoever it may lead him."

"There is the power of resistance," I said.

"There is nothing of the sort," was his comment, "unless it is agreeable to the man to exercise it. We are but straws. It is fortunate that life is short, and that happiness does not consist in wearing a jewelled crown. Young sir, how came you to live in these parts?"

"I do not know, I replied. "My parents live here."

"But you are not poor."

By this time I had bought the odd crutch, and my companion had seen the gold in my purse when I paid for it.

"We have been," I said, "but are so no longer."

"Shade of Pluto!" he cried. "If I could but say as much! So, being suddenly made rich, you open your heart to pity's call?" I shook my head in doubt, and he touched the crutch. "Don't you think this a fine thing to do?"

"I am not sure," I said.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Praise me not for my virtues; blame me not for my vices. That morality, in respect to

the average man, is a knife that cuts both ways. To sinners like myself it is more comforting than otherwise."

He puzzled me, and I told him so, but he made a pretence of disbelieving me, and said,—

"There are depths in you, young sir. You may live to discover that you are in the wrong century."

That I did not clearly understand him did not render his conversation less interesting. I gave the girl the crutch and a shilling, and left her and the man together.

I record this incident because it is the only one I remember during the time we lived in that poor neighborhood in which strangers played a part. So far as my outer life was concerned it was utterly devoid of color.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was but little difference in this respect when we removed to Rosemullion, an old-fashioned straggling mansion on the outskirts of Rochester, surrounded by stone walls, and secluded from public view by thick clusters of trees. We made no friends, we kept no company. Within half a hundred yards of the great house was a cottage of six rooms, very pretty, embosomed in shrubs and bowers. After a time this cottage became my real home. I was allowed to do pretty much as I liked, within certain unexpressed limitations through which, it appears, I did not break. Before I inhabited this cottage I spoke, of course, to my father on the subject.

"You have taken a fancy to it, Gabriel?" he said.

"A great fancy," I said; "I wish it were mine."

"You may consider it yours," he said.

I thanked him, and immediately removed my books and papers into it. In a very short time it was ready for occupation, and I took possession of it. I wrote and studied in it, mused in it, slept in it, and lived therein a life of much seclusion. It suited my humor; I was fond of privacy, and I could enjoy it there to my heart's content.

Heaven knows there was no inducement in the great house to render it attractive to me. It was invariably quiet and sad. Whatever else our coming into possession of wealth did for us, it did not improve my mother's health. She became more than ever a confirmed invalid, and frequently kept her chamber for weeks together, during which times I was not per-

mitted to see her. Mrs. Fortress remained with us in attendance on my mother, and exercised absolute control not only over her but over the whole establishment. My father did not trouble himself in domestic matters; he left everything to Mrs. Fortress. Our only regular visitor was a doctor, who occasionally, after seeing my mother, would come and chat with me a while. He was a practitioner of fair ability, but apart from his profession, had little in him to attract me to him. I had the knack of gauging men, though I mixed but little with them; I had also the gift of drawing them out as it were, and of extracting any special knowledge in which they were proficient. Using the doctor in this way, quite unsuspectingly I am sure, to himself, I gained something from conversing with him; but had his visits to me not been few and far between I should have found a means of avoiding them. I had already developed a certain masterfulness of spirit, and judged and decided matters for myself. There was, however, one exception, the intercourse between my mother and myself. In this I did not guide, but was guided. When the periods of seclusion of which I have spoken were over, Mrs. Fortress would come to me and say, "Your mother will see you now," and would conduct me to her presence. Only the slightest references to her illness were permitted. There were in our small family unwritten laws which were never transgressed. I have no remembrance of the manner in which they were made known to me, but known they were, and obeyed as though they had been writ in letters of steel, and no thought of rebelling against them entered my mind. The utmost I was allowed to say was, —

"You have been ill, mother."

"Yes, Gabriel," she would reply, "I have been ill."

"You are better now, mother."

"Yes, I am better now."

That was all.

Mrs. Fortress would stand in silence by the bedside. She ruled chiefly by looks. What peculiar duties were attached to her service I know not, but there cannot be a doubt that she performed them faithfully. I neither liked nor disliked her, but she compelled me to respect her. In her outward bearing she was more like a machine than a human being. Sometimes in thinking of her I recalled words which had been applied to me by the man who had accompanied me to purchase the crutch for the lame girl. "There are depths in

you, young sir." There must be depths in every human creature—a hidden life pulsing beneath the one revealed to the world. What depths were hidden in Mrs. Fortress's nature? Had she relatives in some far-away corner of whom she thought with affection? Had she an ambition, an aspiration? Was she working to some coveted end? Had she an idea which was not bounded by the walls of my mother's sick room? Did she love anything in all the wide world, did she fear anything, was she capable of an act of devotion and self-sacrifice? Impossible to discover in one so stolid and impassive.

I saw her one day during a great storm standing in the porch of the principal entrance, watching with calm eyes the lightning playing among the trees. She gazed straight and clear before her; there was not a sign of blenching. Loud peals of thunder broke over the district; she made no movement. I could not but admire her, for I myself loved to watch a great storm, and took delight in witnessing a conflict of the elements.

"You enjoy it," I said, going to her side.

She gazed at me, and did not speak. She was evidently surprised at being addressed on any but a domestic subject. I felt an inward sense of satisfaction, which I did not allow to appear in my face. To have surprised a being so cold and impassive was, in its way, an achievement.

"I have heard," I continued, "that most persons are afraid of a storm such as this."

"They are cowards," she said. "What is there to be afraid of?"

"That is what I think. You must be brave."

"Nothing frightens me. There are worse storms."

"Oh, yes," I acquiesced. "There was one last year. It struck down hundreds of trees."

"I don't mean storms of that kind."

I thought a moment. "If not in nature, then," I said, "in human life?" She did not reply; she had already said more than she intended. What came next from me, in the form of a question, was entirely unpremeditated; it escaped from me unaware. "Do you believe in a future world?"

"It does not trouble me," she said; and she walked into the house, and cast not a look behind.

This portion of my life, when I was growing from childhood to manhood, is quite clear to me. The change in my

parents' circumstances afforded me advantages for study which I might not otherwise have enjoyed. I was not sent to a private or public school; my education was conducted at home by private tutors, with whom no opportunities offered of becoming intimate. Indeed, it appeared to me that they were too frequently and unnecessarily changed, but I cannot say whether this was from design on my father's part, or because my tutors found their duties distasteful. I think they had no reason to complain of me on the score of attention; I was too fond of learning to close the windows of the mind which they assisted me to open. Perhaps the peculiar rules of our household weighed upon them. We appeared to be cut off from our species, to lead a life apart from theirs. Ordinary amusements and pleasures found no place in Rosemullion. Newspapers and the current literature of the day were not admitted into our home. Although we were in the midst of busy millions, although a feverish, restless life was throbbing all around us, we took no share in it, and seemed to have no interests in common with our fellow-creatures. There was a war which shook the world. Great dynasties were at stake, Parliaments were hastily summoned, thousands of men were marching to an untimely death, millions of money were expended, the avenues of cities were thronged with excited crowds, the history of the world was stained with blood, battlefields were charged with sobs and cries of agony, red-hot demagogues fumed and foamed, drums beat, trumpets sounded, gay music to cast a false sweetness on death was played through day and night, heroes were made, poets wrote stanzas and immortalized themselves, the whole world was in convulsion. It touched us not. Our sympathies, desires, and aspirations were centred in our own little world. The stone walls which surrounded the estate upon which our house and cottage were built were eight feet in height. Our servants performed their duties almost noiselessly; our gardener was deaf and dumb. These conditions of existence could not have been accidental; they must have been carefully planned and considered. For what reason? we were rich enough to pay for color and variety, and yet they were not allowed to enter our lives. We were thrown entirely upon ourselves and our own narrow resources.

I cannot truthfully say that I was unhappy during those years. We can scarcely miss that to which we are not accustomed, and I have learned since that

the world is too full of wants for happiness. My passion for books grew more profound and engrossing; I grew passionately endeared to solitude. There were some fine woods near our house, and I was in the habit of wandering in them by day and night. If in the daylight I heard the sound of voices, or was made aware of the proximity of human creatures, I wandered in the opposite direction. It was known that I frequented the woods by day, but my nocturnal ramblings were secretly indulged in. Even my father was not aware that the nights which should have been devoted to repose were spent in the open. When all in the house were sleeping, I would steal out and wander for hours in darkness, which had no terrors for me. Shadows took comprehensive shapes—comprehensive to me, but perhaps not to all men—and that some were weird and monstrous, like nothing that moved and lived upon the sunlit earth, suited my mood and nature. I did not ask myself whether they were or were not creatures of my imagination. I accepted them without question, and I humored and made sport of them; spoke to them, taunted them; dared them to action; asked them their mission; and walked among them fearlessly. I loved the supernatural in book and fancy, and on rare occasions, when I was in a state of spiritual exaltation, a vague belief would steal upon me that I should one day possess the power of piercing the veil which shuts off the unseen from mortal eyes. In winter the snow-robed trees, standing like white sentinels in a white eternal night, possessed for me an irresistible fascination. I saw wondrous scenes and pictures. The woods were filled with myriad eyes, gleaming with love, with hate, with joy, with despair; grotesque creatures inhabited every cranny; white spirits lurked among the silvered branches; the frosty stars looked down upon me as upon one of their kindred, and I looked up at them, and cried in spiritual ecstasy, "Only to you and to me are these things visible!"

Thus I lived, as it were, the inner life, and became familiar with hidden beauties and hidden horrors.

Was I, then, so wrapped up in my own narrow self that I shut my eyes and ears to the pulsing of other human life? Not entirely. There were occasions when I associated with my fellows.

Thus, on a stormy night in September, when the rain came down in torrents, I heard the sounds of loud entreaty proceeding from outside the stone walls of

the estate. Had it not been that my sense of hearing was very acute, and that those who were appealing were screaming at the top of their voices, it would have been impossible for me to hear them. The wind assisted them and me; it blew in the direction of the chamber in which I sat reading by the light of a lamp.

"Some people in distress," I thought, and proceeded with my reading.

The sounds of entreaty continued, grew louder, and more deeply imploring.

"They will scream themselves hoarse presently," I thought. "Well, I am comfortable enough."

"Well said, Gabriel, well said!"

Who spoke? Nothing human, for I was the only person awake in house and cottage. Although I was convinced of this I looked around, not in fear but curiosity. Nothing living was in view.

"Is it well?" I asked aloud. "The sounds proceed most likely from poor persons who are benighted, and who have not a roof to cover them."

"That is their affair," said the voice.

"The storm is terrible," I continued.

"They may perish in it."

The answer came. "They meet their fate. Leave them to their doom. In the morning their sufferings will be over."

"And I shall live," I said, "guilty and self-condemned. There is no such thing as fate. Human will can save or destroy. They are human, and I will go to them."

The rain and the wind almost blinded me as I walked from my cottage to the gates. All the while the voices continued to beseech despairingly and bitterly, calling upon man, calling upon God.

I heard one say, "Hush! There's somebody coming."

The next moment I opened the gates.

"Ah, master," cried a woman, "for the love of God tell us the way to Purvis's huts! Jump down, Jim; you've pretty nigh broke my blade-bone in."

A tall man jumped from the woman's shoulders to the ground. It was from that elevated position he had seen the light in my room.

"I don't know Purvis or his huts," I said. "What are you?"

"Hoppers, master. We're bound for Purvis's gardens, and we thought we should get to the sleeping-huts before night set in; but we missed our way, and have been tramping through the rain for I don't know how many hours. I'm soaked through and through, and am ready to drop."

"Why did you not stop at an inn?" I asked.

"None of that!" growled the man, in a threatening tone.

"Be quiet, Jim!" said the woman. "Why didn't we stop at an inn, master? Because in them places they don't give you nothing for nothing, and that's about as much as we've got to offer. We're dead broke, master."

"We're never nothing else," growled the man.

"Can you help us, master?" asked the woman.

"Ask him if he will," growled the man, "don't ask him if he can."

"Leave it to me, Jim. You're always a-putting your foot into it. Will you, master, will you?"

"Who is that crying?"

"One of the children, master."

"One of them! How many have you?"

"Five, master."

"Curse 'em!" growled the man.

"Shut up, Jim! The gentleman'll help us for the sake of the young uns, won't you, sir? They're sopping wet, master, and a-dying of hunger."

"If I allow you to occupy my room," I said, "and give you food and a fire, will you go away quietly when the sun rises?"

"There, Jim; didn't I tell you? We're in luck. Go away quiet when the sun rises, master? Yes, master, yes. Hope I may never see daylight again if we don't!"

"Come in," I said. "Follow me, and make as little noise as possible."

They followed me quietly to my room. Their eyes dilated when they saw the fire, upon which I threw a fresh supply of coals.

"God bless you, sir!" said the woman, drawing the children to the fire, before which the man was already crouching.

True enough, there were seven of them. Man, woman, and five children, the youngest a baby, the eldest not more than seven years of age. A gruesome lot. Starving, cunning, in rags; but there was a soft light in the woman's eyes; she was grateful for the warmth and the prospect of food. The man's eyes were watching me greedily.

"Where is it, master?"

"Where is what?"

"The grub you promised us."

"You shall have it presently."

I noticed that the children's clothes were drying on them, and I suggested to the woman that she should take them off.

"I've nothing to wrap 'em in, master," she said.

I went into my bedroom, and brought back sheets and blankets, which I gave to the woman. She took them in silence, and carried out my suggestion. I then made two or three journeys to the larder, and brought up the food I found there, bread, butter, meat, and the remains of a pie. When I came up for the last time I saw the man standing, looking round the room.

"He ain't took nothing, master," said the woman, "and shan't."

I nodded, and the man resumed his recumbent position before the fire. I handed them the food, and they devoured it wolfishly. They ate more like animals than human beings.

"Can't you treat us to a mug of beer, master?" asked the man.

"I have no beer," I replied. "I think I can find some tea, if you would like to have it."

"It's the best thing you could give us, master," said the woman, "and we shall be thankful for it."

"It's better than nothing," said the man, and was pleased to confess, after he had disposed of a couple of cups—which he emptied down his throat rather than drank—that I might have offered him something worse. When they had eaten their fill they lay down to rest, and in less than three minutes the whole party were fast asleep. "Truly," I thought, as I gazed upon them, "nature has its compensations." They went away, as they had promised, at sunrise, and when I gave the woman a few silver coins, she said gratefully,—

"Thank you, master. We're right for four good days, Jim."

I watched them from the gates. They had with them the remains of the food, and were eating it as they walked, and talking to each other in gay tones. I experienced a sensation of pleasure. The world was not utterly devoid of sweetness.

CHAPTER III.

THUS my life went on until I grew to manhood, and then two grave events befell, following close upon each other's heels. First, my father died. He was absent from home at the time, and we had had no forewarning of the loss. I do not know whether his errand when he left us, to be away, he said, for four or five weeks, was one of pleasure or business. Quite suddenly, before the time had elapsed, I

was summoned to my mother's room by Mrs. Fortress.

"Your mother has the most serious news to impart to you," said Mrs. Fortress, "and I think it well to warn you not to excite her."

I had not seen my mother for several days, and I enquired of Mrs. Fortress as to the state of her health.

"She is still unwell," said Mrs. Fortress, "and very weak. I am afraid of the consequences of the shock she has received this morning."

"No one has visited us," I observed. "She can have been told nothing."

"The news came by post," said Mrs. Fortress.

"In a letter from my father?" I asked.

"Your father did not write," said Mrs. Fortress.

There was a significance in her tone, usually so cold and impassive, which attracted my attention.

"But the news concerns my father."

"Yes, it concerns your father."

"He is ill."

"He has been seriously ill. You will learn all from your mother."

Before I entered my mother's chamber I divined the truth.

"You sent for me, mother," I said.

"Yes, Gabriel," she replied. "Sit here, by my side."

I obeyed her, and there was a long silence in the room.

"Kiss me, Gabriel."

I kissed her, somewhat in wonder. It is the plain truth that we had grown to be almost strangers to each other.

"Has Mrs. Fortress told you?" she asked.

"She has told me nothing definite," I replied, "except that you have news of my father, and that he is ill."

"His illness is at an end," said my mother. "Can you not guess, Gabriel?"

"Yes, mother," I said, "I think I know."

"It is very sudden, Gabriel. When he went away he was in good health."

She gave me the letter she had received, and I read it without remark. It was from one who was a stranger to us, and was addressed from Wales. The writer said that my father was his friend—which surprised me, as I had never heard my father or mother mention his name—and had died in his house, where my father was staying on a visit.

"He had been ailing for two or three days past," the letter said, "and had complained of his head, but I did not think

that anything serious was the matter with him, or I should have written to you at once. It did not appear that he was alarmed; indeed, he said that it was only a slight attack, and that it would soon pass away. Against his wish we called in a doctor, who agreed with him and us that there was no danger. Thus there was nothing to prepare us for the sad event the news of which it is our painful duty to communicate to you. He kept his room yesterday, and in the evening said that he felt better. At ten o'clock my wife and I wished him good-night, and thought he would retire at once to rest, but from after indications we learnt that he had not undressed, but had sat in his armchair the whole of the night. There was a bell at his elbow, from which I heard a faint ring at five o'clock this morning. It woke me from my sleep, and it also aroused my wife. 'That is Mr. Carew's bell,' my wife said; 'you had better go to him.' I rose immediately, and went to his room. I found our poor friend sitting in the armchair, and I at once recognized his grave condition. I roused the servants, and sent for the doctor; then I returned to your husband, and told him what I had done. I cannot say whether he understood me, for he was quite speechless, but I followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a sheet of paper upon which he had written a few words. They were not very legible, but I understand from them that it was his desire that he should be buried from Rosemullion. We shall respect his wish, and you will therefore be prepared for what is to follow. Although he was speechless, and life was surely ebbing away, he was calm and composed. My wife and I sat with him until the doctor arrived. Nothing could be done for him, and at twenty minutes to seven this morning your poor husband passed away in peace. It would doubtless have been a satisfaction to him could he have spoken to us, and have imparted to us his last wishes, but he had not the power. Two or three times he seemed to make an effort, and we inclined our ears to hear what he had to say. No sound, however, proceeded from his lips; he had not the strength to utter a word. The effort over, he seemed to be resigned."

The letter contained the expression of a sincere sympathy for our bereavement.

"He died peacefully," said my mother. "All deaths are not so."

"Madam!" cried Mrs. Fortress, in a warning tone.

Did it spring from my fancy that my

mother's remark was uttered in fear, and was intended to bear a personal reference, and that Mrs. Fortress's "Madam!" sounded like a threat? If it were or were not so, my mother quickly recovered herself.

"It is good to know that your father did not suffer," she said.

"Death is not a pleasant subject to talk about," observed Mrs. Fortress.

"What has passed between my mother and myself is quite natural," I retorted; it appeared to me that her remark was unnecessary.

"I beg your pardon," she said, but although her words conveyed an apology, her voice did not.

Shortly afterwards my mother pleaded that she was tired, and I left the room.

Upon the news of my father's death becoming known I had two visitors, the doctor who attended on my mother, and a lawyer. I may mention here that these were the only persons who, with myself, followed my father to the grave. The doctor's visit was one of condolence, and he indulged in the usual platitudes, which, but for the occasion, I should not have listened to with patience. He bade me good-day with a sigh, and called into his face an expression of dolor which I knew was assumed for my benefit.

The lawyer's visit was upon business. He came to acquaint me with the particulars of my father's will.

"I have the rough draft in my office," he said; "the will itself we shall doubtless find among your father's private papers. It was his habit, when he intended to be absent from home for any length of time, to leave the key of his safe in my keeping. I have brought it with me."

We went together to my father's special room, the room in which he wrote and transacted his private business, and which was always kept locked. No person, unbidden, was allowed to enter it but himself. Although I had now been living at Rosemullion for many years I had been but once in this apartment, and then I took no particular notice of it. The key of the room had been found in his portmanteau, which he had taken with him to Wales, and had been delivered up to me with his other effects.

It was plainly furnished. There were two chairs, a couch, and a writing-table — nothing more; not a picture, not an ornament, not a single evidence of luxury. The walls were hung with old tapestry on which battle scenes were worked.

"Rosemullion is not a modern build-

ing," said the lawyer, "but perhaps you are already familiar with its history, being a student."

I said in reply, that I was not aware that Rosemullion was of ancient origin, nor that it had a history.

"Did your father never speak to you on the subject?" asked the lawyer.

"Never," I replied.

"Perhaps it was not of much interest to him," remarked the lawyer. "The house belonged to a great family once, who owned vast tracts of land hereabout. They ruled here for many generations, I believe, until, as is the case with numberless others who carried it with a high hand in times gone by, they lost their place in the world. If the truth were known we should learn—to judge from my experiences, and supposing them to be worth anything—that there was but one cause why they were wiped out. Spendthrift father, spendthrift heir, followed by another, and perhaps by another; land parted with piecemeal, mortgaged and sold, till heirlooms and stone walls are called upon, and the wreck is complete. It is an old story, and is being played out now by many inheritors of ancient names."

"The chairs and couch in the room," I said, "are modern. Not so the writing-table."

It was made of stout oak, and bore signs of long service. Its massive legs were wonderfully carved, and were fixed deep in the oaken flooring. The lawyer's remarks had given the place an interest in my eyes, and I gazed around with lively curiosity.

"If these walls could speak," I said, "they would be able to tell strange stories."

"Many of which," said the lawyer, with a dry cough, "are better unrevealed. It is quite as well that dumb memorials cannot rise in witness against us."

"So that we are no better off than our forefathers."

"And no worse," said the lawyer sentimentally. "We are much of a muchness, ancients and moderns. I had no idea till to-day how solid these walls really were."

They were, indeed, of massive thickness, fit depositories of mighty secrets. I lifted the tapestry to examine them, and observed a steel plate fixed in the portion I had bared. I was searching in vain for a keyhole when the lawyer said, —

"The safe your father used is not on that side; it is here, to the right. On

three sides of the wall you will see these steel plates fixed, and my idea is that the receptacles were used as a hiding-place for jewels and other treasure. In the building of this room special ingenuity was displayed. No one unacquainted with the secret could open the metal doors, the design is so cunning. There were locksmiths before Brahmah. I would defy any but an expert to discover the means, and it would puzzle him for a time."

"They are really doors?"

"Yes; you shall see for yourself."

"How did you discover the secret?" I asked.

"Your father let me into it," he replied.

"How did *he* discover it? Before he bought this little estate I doubt if he had ever heard the name of Rosemullion, or knew of its existence."

"That is very probable, but I cannot enlighten you upon the point. In his conversations with me he never referred to it. It is not unlikely that the agents through whom he purchased the place may have known; or he may have found a clue to it after he came into possession. That, however, is mere speculation, and is not material to us. What *is* material is the will. Observe. Here before us is a sheet of steel, covered with numberless small knobs, with shining round surfaces. There must be some peculiarity about the metal that it does not rust; or perhaps its lustre is due to the dryness of the air. When I say that the knobs are numberless I am inexact. They may be easily counted; they are in regular lines, and are alternately placed. From ceiling to floor there are twenty lines, and each line contains twenty knobs—four hundred in all. If you pressed every one of these four hundred knobs one after another with your thumb, you would find only one that would yield beneath the pressure. That knob is in the bottom line, at the extreme left-hand corner. Kneel, and press with your thumb, and you will find that I am right."

I followed his instructions. I knelt, and pressed the knob; it yielded, and upon my removing my thumb, it returned to its former position.

"Still," I said, as I rose from my kneeling posture, "I see no hole in which a key can be inserted."

"Wait," said the lawyer. "By pressing on that knob you have unlocked a second at the extreme end of the right corner in the same line. Press it as you did the other."

I knelt and obeyed; it yielded as the other had done, and returned to its former position. But there was no apparent change in the steel door.

"You have unlocked a third knob," said the lawyer. "You will now have to stand upon one of the chairs; place it here, on the right, and press again on the knob at the extreme right hand. It yields. One more, and the charm is nearly complete. Remove the chair to the left, and repeat the operation on the topmost knob at the extreme left hand. Now descend. Supposing this to be the door of a room, where would the keyhole be situated? Yes, you point to the exact spot. Press there, then, gently. What do we see? The keyhole revealed. The rest is easy."

He inserted the key and turned the lock. Massive as was the door, there was no difficulty now in opening it. With very little exertion on our part it swung upon its hinges. I could not but admire the ingenuity of the device, and I wondered at the same time how my father could have found it out, supposing the secret not to have been imparted to him.

There was a space disclosed of some two feet in depth, divided by stout oaken shelves. On one of the shelves was a cash-box. There was nothing else within the space. The lawyer took out the cash-box, and brought it to the table. It was unlocked, and the lawyer drew from it my father's will. I was disappointed that it contained no other papers. I cannot say what I expected to discover, but I had a vague hope that I might light upon some explanation of the mystery which had reigned in our home from my earliest remembrance. However, I made no remark on the subject to the lawyer.

The will was read in my mother's presence, the only other person in attendance, besides my mother, the lawyer, and myself, being Mrs. Fortress. It was very simple; the entire property was bequeathed to my mother; during her lifetime I was to reside at Rosemullion, and there was otherwise no provision made for me; but at her death, with the exception of a legacy to Mrs. Fortress, "for faithful and confidential service," I became sole heir. The only stipulation was that Rosemullion should not be sold.

"I hope, Gabriel," said my mother, "that you are not dissatisfied."

I replied that I was contented with the disposition my father had made of his property.

"You can have what money you want," she said.

"I shall want very little," I said.

"You will remain here, Gabriel?"

These words which, in her expression of them, were both a question and an entreaty, opened up a new train of thought. I set it aside a while, and said to my mother, —

"Is it your wish?"

"Yes, Gabriel, while I live."

"I will obey you, mother."

"Gabriel," she said, "bend your head." Mrs. Fortress came forward, as if with the intention of interposing, but I motioned her away, and she retired in silence, but kept her eyes fixed upon us. "You bear no ill-will towards me?" my mother whispered. "You do not hate me?"

"No, mother," I replied, in a tone as low as her own. "What cause have I for ill-will or hatred? It would be monstrous."

"Yes," she muttered, "it would be monstrous, monstrous!"

And she turned from me, and lay with her face to the wall. Her form was shaken with sobs.

Mrs. Fortress beckoned to me, and I followed her to the door.

"I will speak to you outside," she said.

We stood in the passage, the door of my mother's bedroom being closed upon us. The lawyer, who had also left the room, stood a few paces from us.

"It comes within my sphere of duty," said Mrs. Fortress, "to warn you that these scenes are dangerous to your mother. Listen."

I heard my mother crying and speaking loudly to herself, but I could not distinguish what she said.

"Remain here a moment," said Mrs. Fortress; "I have something more to say to you."

She left me, and entered the bedroom, and in a short time my mother was quiet. Mrs. Fortress returned.

"She is more composed."

"You have a great power over her, Mrs. Fortress."

"No one else understands her." She held in her hand a letter, which she offered to me. "It was entrusted to me by your father, and I was to give it to you in the event of his dying away from Rosemullion, and before your mother. Perhaps you will read it here."

I did so. It was addressed to me, and was very brief, its contents being simply to the effect that Mrs. Fortress was to hold, during my mother's lifetime, the position she had always held in the household, and that I was, under no considera-

tion, to interfere with her in the exercise of her duties. She was, also, as heretofore, to have the direction of the house.

"Are you acquainted with the contents of this letter?" I asked.

"Yes; your father, before he sealed it, gave it to me to read. He gave me at the same time another document, addressed to myself."

"Investing you, I suppose, with the necessary authority." She slightly inclined her head. "I shall not interfere with you in any way," I said.

"I am obliged to you," she said, and then she re-entered my mother's apartment.

The lawyer and I walked to my father's private room. I wished to assure myself that there was nothing else in the safe in which my father had deposited his will, and which we had left open. There was nothing, not a book, nor scrap of paper, nor article of any kind. Then, in the presence of the lawyer, I searched the writing-desk, and found only a few unimportant memoranda and letters. My unsatisfactory search at an end, I remarked to the lawyer that I supposed nothing remained to be done.

"Except to lock the safe," he said.

"How is that accomplished?"

"You have merely to reverse the process by which you opened it. I have seldom seen a more admirable and simple piece of mechanism."

I followed his instructions, and let the tapestry fall over the steel plate. Then the lawyer, saying that he would attend to the necessary formalities with respect to the will, bade me good-day.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I told my mother that I was contented with the disposition my father had made of the property I spoke the truth, but I did not intend to imply that I was contented with the position in which I found myself after my father's death. Not with respect to money — that was the last of my thoughts; indeed, my mother placed at my disposal more than sufficient funds; but that I, who had by this time grown to manhood, should be still confined in leading-strings, hurt and galled me. I chafed inwardly at the restraint, and it will be readily understood that my feelings on this matter did not bring my mother and me closer to each other. I did not, however, give expression to them; I schooled myself into a certain philosophical resignation, and took refuge in my books and studies.

Wide as had always been the breach — I can find no other word to express the attitude we held towards each other — between Mrs. Fortress and myself, it grew wider as time progressed. We seldom addressed a word to each other. To do her justice she seemed to desire a more familiar intercourse as little as I did. Her demeanor was consistently respectful, and she did not exercise her authority obtrusively or offensively. Everything went on in the house as usual. My wants were attended to with regularity, and I may even say that they were anticipated. To all outward appearance I had nothing whatever to complain of, but the independence of spirit which develops with our manhood, the consciousness that we are strong enough to depend upon ourselves and to walk alone, the growing pride which imparts a true or false confidence in our maturing powers — all these were in silent rebellion within me, and rendered me at times restless and dissatisfied. What it might have led to is hard to say, but the difficulty was solved without action on my part. Within twelve months of my father's death I was a free man, free to go whither I would, to choose my own mode of life, to visit new lands if I cared to do so. The chains which had bound me fell loose, and I was my own master.

It was in the dead of a hot summer night, and I was sitting alone by the window in my favorite room. The sultry air scarcely stirred the curtains, and I saw in the sky the signs of a coming storm. I hoped it would burst soon; I knew that I should welcome with gratitude the rain and the cooler air. Such sweet, fresh moments, when an oppressively hot day has drawn to its close, may be accepted — with a certain extravagance of metaphor, I admit — as nature's purification of sin.

All was still and quiet; only shadows lived and moved about. Midnight struck. That hour to me was always fraught with mysterious significance.

From where I sat I could see the house in which my mother lay. It had happened on that day, as I strolled through the woods, that I had been witness of the love which a mother had for her child. The child was young, the mother was middle-aged, and not pretty, but when she looked at her child, and held out her arms to receive it, as it ran laughing towards her with its fair hair tumbled about its head, her plain face became glorified. Its spiritual beauty smote me with pain; the child's glad voice made me tremble.

Some dim sense of what had never been mine forced itself into my soul.

I had the power—which I had no doubt unconsciously cultivated—of raising pictures in the air, and I called up now this picture of the mother and her child. "Are all children like that," I thought, "and are all mothers—except me and mine?" If so I had been robbed.

The door of the great house slowly opened, and the form of a woman stepped forth. It walked in my direction, and stopped beneath my window.

"Are you up there, Master Gabriel?"

It was Mrs. Fortress who spoke.

"Yes, I am here."

"Your mother wishes to see you."

I went down immediately, and joined Mrs. Fortress.

"Did she send you for me?"

"Yes, or I should not be here."

"She is very ill?"

"She is not well."

The grudging words angered me, and I motioned the woman to precede me to the house. She led me to my mother's bedside.

I had never been allowed so free an intercourse with my mother as upon this occasion. Mrs. Fortress did not leave the room, but she retired behind the curtains of the bed, and did not interrupt our conversation.

"You are ill, mother?"

"I am dying, Gabriel."

I was prepared for it, and I had expected to see in her some sign of the shadow of death. When the dread visitant stands by the side of a mortal, there should be some indication of its presence. Here there was none. My mother's face retained the wild beauty which had ever distinguished it. All that I noted was that her eyes occasionally wandered around, with a look in them which expressed a kind of fear and pity for herself.

"You speak of dying, mother," I said. "I hope you will live for many years yet."

"Why do you hope it?" she asked.

"Has my life given you joy—has it sweetened the currents of yours?"

There was a strange wistfulness in her voice, a note of wailing against an inexorable fate. Her words brought before me again the picture of the mother and her child I had seen that day in the woods. Joy! Sweetness! No, my mother had given me but little of these. It was so dim as to be scarcely a memory that when I was a little babe she would press me tenderly to her bosom, would sing to me,

would coo over me, as must surely be the fashion of loving mothers with their offspring. It is with no idea of casting reproach upon her that I say she bequeathed to me no legacy of motherly tenderness.

We conversed for nearly an hour. Our conversation was intermittent; there were long pauses in it, and wanderings from one subject to another. This was occasioned by my mother's condition; it was not possible for her to keep her mind upon one theme, and to exhaust it.

"You looked among your father's papers, Gabriel?"

"Yes, mother."

"What did you find?" She seemed to shrink from me as she asked this question.

"Only his will, and a few unimportant papers."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"Gabriel," she said presently, "I wish you to promise me that you will make, in years to come, a faithful record of the circumstances of your life, and of your secret thoughts and promptings." She paused, and when she spoke again appeared to lose sight of the promise she wished to exact from me. "You are sure your father left no special papers for you to read after his death?"

"I found none," I said, much moved at this iteration of a mystery which was evidently weighing heavily upon her.

"Perhaps," she murmured, "he thought silence kindest and wisest."

I strove to keep her mind upon this theme, for I was profoundly agitated by her strange words, but I found it impossible. Her hands moved feebly about the coverlid, her eyes wandered still more restlessly around. My cunningest endeavors failed to woo her back to the subject; her speech became so wild and whirling that I was not ungrateful to Mrs. Fortress when she emerged from behind the curtains, and led me firmly out of the room. I turned on the threshold to look at my mother; her face was towards me, but she did not recognize me.

On the evening of the following day I was walking moodily about the grounds between the house and the cottage, thinking of the interview, and reproaching myself for want of feeling. Was it that I was deficient in humanity that I did not find myself overwhelmed with grief by the conviction that my mother was dying? No thought but of her critical condition should have held place in my mind, and the weight of my genuine sorrow should

have impressed itself upon surrounding nature. It was not so; my grief was trivial, artificial, and I bitterly accused myself. But if natural love would not come from the prompting of my heart, I could at least perform a duty. My mother should not be left to draw her last breath with not one of her kin by her bedside.

I entered the house. In the passage which led to my mother's room I was confronted by Mrs. Fortress. She had heard my footsteps, and came out to meet me.

"What do you want, Mr. Gabriel?"

"I must see my mother."

"You cannot; it would hasten her end."

"Has she not asked for me?"

"No; if she wished to see you she would have sent for you."

It was a truthful indication of the position; I had never gone unbidden to my mother's room.

We spoke in low tones. My voice was tremulous, Mrs. Fortress's was cold and firm.

"If not now," I said, "I must see her to-morrow."

"You shall see her," said Mrs. Fortress, "within the next twenty-four hours."

I passed the evening in my cottage, trying to read. I could not fix my mind upon the page. I indulged in weird fancies, and once, putting out the lights, cried,—

"If the angel of death is near, let him appear!"

There was no sign, and I sat in the dark till I heard a tapping at my door. I opened it, and heard Mrs. Fortress's voice.

"You can see your mother," she said.

I accompanied her to the sick room, the bedside of my mother. She was dead.

"It is a happy release," Mrs. Fortress said.

From The National Review.

THE RELATION OF WOMEN TO THE STATE IN PAST TIMES.

"With our minds fixed on the future, our lives busy in the present, may God preserve to us our hold on the past!"—DEAN STANLEY.

THE above words, spoken by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, touch the core of the question of the enfranchisement of women, which is, for us, essentially this: Shall Great Britain, in days

when the principle of representative government has been broadened down through every class of the community, give women less recognized position, less responsible interest and influence in the public weal than in old times, when the hereditary influence predominated?

The throne alone preserves intact the hereditary principle by which, at one period, in every manor the rights and duties of their inheritance fell impartially on men and women.

So long as popular representation fails to recognize the rights of citizenship with similar impartiality, it is neither true to that heritage of birth which asserted itself in the past, nor to that development of individual opportunity which marks the present.

Many instances of the responsibilities of women, whether as landed proprietors or as burgesses, testify to their relatively more influential relations to the State in earlier times of our history.

The duties of lords of the manor are now small and unimportant in comparison with their functions when the jurisdiction of the manor lay at the foundation of social order, and it devolved on the manorial lord to enforce peace and law; but however extensive these responsibilities, they devolved on the lady who might inherit the position, as well as on the lord. The rolls of the hundreds of Edward I. furnish many instances. These rolls, preserving the inquiry made into the conditions of royal manors throughout the greater part of England in the second year of the reign of Edward I., show that complete equality existed as regards all the incidents of manorial tenure. Women held courts of frank-pledge, whereby each man was bound to conduct himself loyally in the community to which he belonged; women held and attended courts of the hundred and of the county; held assizes of bread and ale, which fulfilled for those days the functions which Adulteration Acts and government analysts are expected to do for ours; they even had power of life and death over disturbers of the peace.

To take a few instances: Johanna de Huntingfeud held view of frank-pledge in the hundred of Pappeworth, Canterbury (vol. i., p. 53). Elena la Zouche, had *retur-num brevium*, gallows, assize of bread and ale, and whatever pertains to view of frank-pledge in the same hundred. In Dorsetshire two ladies, Agnes de Vescy and Elena de Valtibus, are named as having gallows in their respective hundreds,

assize of bread and ale, and suit against wrongful impounding of cattle (*placita de namio netito*, vol. i., p. 99). The Countess of Lycester had the same in Essedon, in Buckinghamshire. The Countess of Albemarle, in addition to assize of bread and ale, corrected weights and measures at her manor of Navensby, Northamptonshire (vol. ii., p. 7), where also she had view of frank-pledge. Dame Johanna de Engles attended the court of the county of the hundred, in the hundred of Conedes, Salop (vol. ii., p. 62), while attendance as copyholders at the lords' courts is mentioned continually. Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Insula, held the camp of Plympton, with all the honors pertaining, by service of one knight, as her ancestors had done since William the Conqueror (vol. i., p. 77). Nicholaa de la Hay was vested by King John with the custody of Lincoln Castle "in time of peace and in time of war" (vol. i., p. 309).

These examples, amongst many which might be cited from the same source, sufficiently show the position taken by ladies of the manor in the thirteenth century. As tenants of the crown women were liable to those obligations of military service on which feudal tenure is built up. The names of many ladies occur amongst the nobles summoned in 1277 to furnish their due service to Edward I. for his Welsh wars, amongst those being the four great abbesses of Wilton, St. Mary of Winchester, Shaftesbury, and Berking. Many barons brought service for the inheritance of their wives. In 1282 writs were again issued for the Welsh wars: "We command you by the fealty, homage, and love by which you hold of us, strictly injoining that you be with us, with men and arms, and all service due, ready to set forth with us thence (*i.e.* from Rutland) on our expedition against the said Welsh malefactors and rebels; and this ye shall in nowise omit."* This was sent to Milisent de Monte Alto, the Countess of Gloucester, Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle and Devon, Margareta, who was wife of Robert Ros le Werk, Elena la Zouche, Amabilia de Segrave, Alianora, who was wife of Henry Percy, Dame de Wych, Agnes de Vescy, Luce de Grey, Dionisia de Monte Canisius. The abbesses of Wilton, St. Mary of Winchester, Shaftesbury, and Berking had a similar injunction, along with numerous abbots, to have their due service ready.

* Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs (Record Commission), p. 244-5.

In 1294 a writ was addressed to Milisent de Monte Alto, Idonea de Leyburn, and Margareta de Neville, requiring "that you be with us at Portsmouth on the first day of September next, with horses and arms, and all your service that you owe to us, ready to sail across the sea to the said land" (Gascony).† By a writ dated May 24th, 1297, the sheriffs of Northampton and several other counties were required to summon all owners of lands and rents of £20 a year to be with the king in London on the Sunday after the octave of St. John the Baptist, with horses and arms, ready to sail "to lands across the sea, to the honor of God and themselves as we hope, and the safety and general utility of our kingdom." These owners of £20 include several women.‡ Out of six hundred and fifty-six landowners of £40, who were similarly summoned in 1300 to join the king against Scotland, sixty-three ladies are enumerated as furnishing their service, besides the abbesses of Worewell, St. Mary of Winchester, Tarente, Lacock, and Romsey, and Cecilia de Neville, and Lucia de Chellingwood, who hold of the king *in capite*. Two years later the four great abbesses, who have already been twice referred to, were required to send their service to Berwick-on-Tweed.‡ The following year an order, of considerable interest for the present inquiry, was sent to the sheriff of York — and similarly to sheriffs in several other counties — desiring archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and other ecclesiastical persons, also widows and other women who held by military service, to have all their service ready with the king at Berwick-on-Tweed to march against the Scotch. Nevertheless, permission was given that those prelates, ecclesiastics, and "women or others who are less capable at arms (*arma minus potentes*) or less suited to those great labors," should "come before our treasurer and barons of exchequer on the day after Ascension Day, or more quickly if they can, at York, or should send some one for them there, to give a fine for their service"§ (*ad faciendum finem*). A significant passage, as testifying that the personal attendance of the women was expected, although they might, if they thought well, send some one to represent them.

The practice of our own day contrasts

* Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs (Record Commission), p. 289.

† Ibid., p. 288.

‡ Ibid., p. 366.

§ Ibid., p. 371.

but ill with that of the days of chivalry, when women were liable, and frequently were called on, to fulfil public services of such responsibility as those already quoted, and others yet to be quoted. How slowly and timidly this generation is placing women on the boards for the education of its children, and the charge of its poor! how it hesitates as to their capacity to inspect the conditions under which their sisters labor in factories and workshops! How different the position of women such as the abbesses referred to above, heads of the monasteries which furnished first-class places of education for the young ladies of the land, from the king's palace downwards, where—to quote the words of Canon Jackson*—they “were taught what so many young women nowadays, when their education is called finished, begin to learn for themselves, medicine, surgery, confectionery, cookery, the general management of households and the duties of the rich to the poor—all this under the orderly superintendence of piety and religion . . . and this not in a boarding-house in a town, but at the very houses of the largest and richest landowners.” Thus uniting the highest functions of their day as educators with the considerable responsibilities of landowners. these abbesses filled a position quite without parallel in our day. Ela, Countess of Salisbury, foundress of Lacock, was one of these. In her younger days she had been thrice appointed sheriff of Wilts, in 1227, 1228, and 1231, “at which time she gave the king (Henry III.) two hundred marks to have the custody, *i.e.* the sheriffalty, of that county, and the Castle of Sarum during her whole life.”† A devout woman, she in her widowhood took the veil, and some years later, in 1240, became abbess of the monastery she had founded, at the age of fifty-three, ruling it for eighteen years, when she resigned, “finding herself so much debilitated by age that she could not well undergo the government as she desired.”‡

In 1306 the four abbesses of Wilton, Winchester, Shaftesbury, and Berking were required to be *in propria persona*

before the king and his Council* at Westminster, where all the prelates and magistrates of the land were called together on the occasion of the Prince of Wales being made a knight, to consent to those things which might arise to be ordained, or else to send procurators or attorneys, having sufficient power, and instructed about the promised things to be done.†

The names of ten ladies appear amongst the nobles holding lands in Ireland whom Edward III. in 1362 summoned to his council; viz. Mary Countess of Norfolk, Alienor Countess of Ormond, Anna Despensers, Phillippa Countess of March, Johanna Fitzwater, Agnetta Countess of Pembroke, Mary de St. Paul, Countess of Pembroke, Margeria de Roose, Matilda Countess of Oxford, Catherine Countess of Atholl.

Maud, widow of Hugh Bigord, inherited the marshal's rod, “being the eldest, who ought by inheritance to enjoy that great office, by descent from Walter Mareschal, sometime Earl of Pembroke.”‡

The office of hereditary high sheriff of Westmoreland was twice filled by women: by Isabella de Clifford, who in the reign of Edward I. “sate personally in court and executed the office of sheriff;” and by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who died in 1675, after filling the office for many years.

It would have been truly incongruous had women, while permitted to fill these functions, been forbidden to take their share in the selection of knights of the shire and burgesses. Accordingly the early statutes, from which our representative system has gradually developed, contain no restrictive phrase like the “male persons” which the Reform Act of 1832 for the first time introduced into the electoral law of Great Britain. Women voted in various capacities, as suitors at county courts, as ladies of the manor, and as having the freedom of their city.

Mr. Prynne, in “*Brevia Parlementaria Rediviva*,” notes the peculiarity of elections in the county of York, by annual suitors to the county court, “the attornies of the Archbishop of York and of sundry earls, lords, nobles, and some ladies who

* Eminent Ladies of Wiltshire, papers by Canon Jackson, *Wilt's Archaeological Magazine*, December, 1881.

† Dugdale, *Peerage and Baronetage*, vol. i., p. 177. Her daughter held the manor of Hoke Morton, in Oxfordshire, 1285, *in capite*, by the serjeantry of carving before our lord the king on Christmas day (Bowles's *Annals of Lacock*, p. 160).

‡ A court styled *curia d'abbatissa* was held by the abbess of Shaftesbury within the gates of the abbey. (Mereweather and Stephens's *History of Municipal Boroughs*, p. 595.)

* *Volumus cum magnatibus et aliis de eodem regno terras in dicta terra Hibernie habentibus colloquium habere et tractatum vobis in fide et legeancia quibus vobis tenessimi firmiter injungendo mandamus quod omnibus aliis pratermissis aliquem vel aliquos de quibus confiditis apud Westmonasterium mittatis.* (Dugdale, *Summons to Parliament*, p. 45.)

† Palgrave, *Parliamentary Writ*, vol. i., p. 164.

‡ *History and Antiquity of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, by Joseph Nicholson and Richard Burn, vol. i., p. 273.

were annual suitors to the county court of Yorkshire, being the sole electors of the knights, and sealing their indentures" (p. 152). In 25 Henry VI. this ancient form was changed, and the indentures made and sealed by freeholders—a word, be it noted, of equally generic meaning as suitors.

The return of two members for Aylesbury by Dame Dorothy Packington has been often quoted, but must here be quoted once more: "To all Christian people to whom this present writing shall come, I, Dame Dorothy Packington, widow, late wife of Sir John Packington, knight, lord and overseer of the town of Aylesbury, sendeth greeting: know ye me, the same Dame Dorothy Packington, to have chosen, named, and appointed, my trusty and well beloved Thomas Lichfield and John Burden, esquires, to be my burgesses of my said town of Aylesbury. And whatsoever the said Thomas and George, burgesses, shall do in the service of the queen's Highness in that present Parliament to be holden at Westminster the 8th day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the same Dame Dorothy Packington, do ratify and approve to be my own act, as fully and wholly as if I were or might be present there. In witness," etc. etc.*

A Parliamentary inquiry into a disputed return for the borough of Gatton, 3 Charles I., showed that in the 7 Edward VI. the member for Gatton was returned by Mrs. Copley and *omnes habitantes*.†

The divers conditions by which corporate towns were regulated prior to the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 afford numerous instances of equal rights of men and women as burgesses and as traders. Thus, in York, before the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, the right of voting for members of Parliament was vested solely in the freemen of the city, and *every child* of a freeman born after the father had been admitted to his freedom was entitled to be admitted at the age of twenty-one, wherever the father resided, or wherever the child was born. *Every person* who had served an apprenticeship for seven years, under a binding by indenture for that period to a free man or free woman inhabiting or carrying on trade

in the city, was also entitled to become free. If the master died, the apprentice was allowed to serve out his time with the widow.*

Similarly, in Shrewsbury, before 1832, the right of returning members to Parliament was vested exclusively in the burgesses, that is, *every person* born within the borough, as well as apprentices to freemen.†

In Newcastle-on-Tyne the Parliamentary franchise devolved on a freeman's widow, who also could enfranchise her husband's apprentices if he had been free of any company, and she continued to carry on his business.‡

In Wells all apprentices, of either sex, to burgesses, were, by an ordinance of Edward IV., admitted to be burgesses of the town after serving their apprenticeship.§

In Winchester women enjoyed the freedom of the city, as appears from the following passage in an old customary, which also shows them exercising the trades of sellers of bread and brewers, which appear to have been specially women's trades:—

Every woman selling bread in the High Street, not having the freedom pass, to the King 2s. 5d. a year, and to the City Clerk 1d., if she sells by the year; if less, then in proportion. If she sells in blind streets, 6d. or 3d., according to her handiwork.

Every woman who brews (*chescune brasseur*) for sale within the jurisdiction of the city, to make good beer, according to the price of corn and the appointed assizes, on pain of amercement to the King, on conviction of the bailiffs. No brewer not free of the city (*nul brasseur hors de franchise*) can brew within the city jurisdiction without compounding with the bailiffs.||

Married women trading in the city of London were as well off in the fifteenth century as any under the recent Married Women's Property Acts: "Where a woman, *coverte de baron*, follows any craft within the said city by herself apart, with which the husband in no way intermeddles, such woman shall be bound as a single woman as to all that concerns her said craft."¶

The rolls of the hundreds make mention of women against the great wool

* Quoted from Parliamentary Returns of May 4th, 14 Elizabeth, in Some Supposed Constitutional Restraints upon the Parliamentary Franchise, by Chisholm Austin, 1867, reproduced in the *Women's Suffrage Journal*, vol. viii.

† *House of Commons Journal*, vol. i., p. 875.

* Appendix to first Report of the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations, 1835, pp. 1741-45.

† *Ibid.*, p. 2014.

‡ *Brend's History and Antiquities of Newcastle*, vol. ii., p. 367.

§ *Mereweather and Stephens's History of Municipal Corporations*, p. 1006.

|| *Archæological Journal*, vol. iv., 1852.

¶ *Liber Albus*, trans. H. T. Riley, p. 181.

merchants of London: "Widows of London who make great trade of wools and other things, such as Isabella Buckerell and others" (vol. i., pp. 403-4).

Men and women worked together for the public good, in Birmingham, as members of the Gild of the Holy Cross. The letters patent by which this gild was established, in 1392, ordain that they found, in honor of the holy cross, a gild, or brotherhood, of brethren and sistren, "to which shall belong as well the men and women of Bermyngham, as men and women well disposed in other townes in the neighborhood," the consent of the brethren and sistren being necessary to all transactions of the Gild of any importance. A report on its condition in the reign of Edward VI. shows it doing useful service, for it "kept in good reparacions two greate stone bridges and divers foule and dangerous wayes, the charge whereof the towne of hyselve ys not hable to manteign, so that the lacke thereof wil be a great noysaunce to the Kinge's majesties subjectes passing to and from the marches of Wales, and an utter ruyne to the same towne, being one of the largest and most profittable towne to the Kinges Highnesse in all the shyre."*

But to turn now from the past to the immediate present, we find several women recording their votes in the general election of last November. Why? Not because they were landowners; not because they held the freedom of their borough; not for any function fulfilled by them whatsoever; solely because a few registration clerks had made a few blunders, and taken the names of Keziah, Jesse, Thomasine, and others, to be the names of men! On such clumsy grounds alone are the women of to-day able to exercise this elemental act of citizenship!

Those who rejoice that the recent Reform Act has included fresh classes in the nation's corporate life, and those who dread the placing of power in untried hands, must alike admit that each successive "reform" has had the effect of placing women in a relatively lower position in the State. At the same time, facts from the past such as have been cited cast the burden of innovation on the men who, in this age of popular government, have cut off women from that channel for their influence which is at once the most constitutional, direct, and responsible—the Parliamentary franchise.

HELEN BLACKBURN.

* English Gilds, Toulmin Smith, p. 244-49.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A TALK BESIDE ULLESWATER.

Geoffrey. Shall we pause under the shadow of this rock? I see that it can, occasionally, be hot in your Lake country.

Basil. I always like to hear that confession from a southerner. It is usually an unwilling one. But endure a little farther, and we shall be among the birch-trees in the hollow on the fellside.

Theodora. I know of a rocky seat there which will hold us all three.

Geof. A rocky seat indeed, flint-hearted lady! Is that all you offer to a weary, wayworn wanderer? Have you no smooth flower-enamelled turf, no fay-trodden depth of moss, to bid me rest on?

Theo. Not here. Let the view as it bursts upon us, now we have rounded the corner of Place-Fell, refresh you instead. This is *our* Cornice—no broad road, dusty, din-full, and tourist-full, but a narrow track on a mountain-side. Here at your right hand you have our lake, blue to-day, like Italian waters, lapping its stony bays; at your left the fellside rocks cut clear into the pure azure sky; and in front rises Helvellyn, not yet wholly eclipsed (though soon to be) by his tall children, who cluster round him in such fine shapes. Look at the play of light and shade upon them. Are you not more than contented?

Geof. Yes. At least I should be, if the eye could be satisfied with seeing. I thought I knew your lake well; but this walk is to me a revelation. Never shall I again distrust your guidance. Our walk down Boardale was picturesque, the waterfall you led us under just now was lovely, but you have kept the best for the last. The view we are now looking at cannot be characterized in words—at least not by any that I have at present at my command.

Theo. You have regained the use of your eyes at the right moment. Still I wish you had condescended to employ them at the outset. When we first left Patterdale and began to climb the hill, I asked you to look at Brotherswater and Deepdale, but I have no reason to think you did so; and when, as we rose higher, I tried to take advantage of a momentary pause in your discussion to show you Fairfield and Helvellyn, I am not sure that you even heard me.

Geof. Oh yes, I did. I looked round and saw your two giants lifting their great heads above those other big fellows who screen them from the vale below.

Bas. As Shakespeare shows to us now, above that crowd of clever dramatists

who in his own time were taken for his equals.

Geof. And as the next generation may see one or two of our own contemporaries; whom we, to our loss, stand too near to discern in their full proportions.

Theo. Then my words were not *quite* wasted?

Geof. They never can be—at least on me. I heard and obeyed them. I paused to drink in the beauty of your fine converging valleys and to reverence your mighty hills, and then prepared to pour into your receptive ear the sublime thoughts which they had breathed into my soul—such of them at least as I could translate into our vulgar tongue.

Bas. A wise proviso. The pastor of one of our mountain parishes used to tell me, that, as he walked its solitudes, ideas immeasurably grander than anything to be met with in Shakespeare or Milton had frequently occurred to him. Unfortunately, however, he said, he had never been able to express them.

Geof. Did you believe him?

Bas. No. But I quite believe that he thought he was telling the truth.

Theo. (to GEOF.) But what deprived *me* of the gold (precious even if not yet coined) of your thoughts?

Geof. Your own fleetness of foot. You were so far ahead when I turned, that the little breath the steep ascent and my friend here's arguments had left me, failed to convey them to you. Why, we had scarcely passed the ruined chapel, where the dwellers in Patterdale and Martindale used to join in worship, when you were swiftly descending the rocks into the valley.

Theo. If so, it is odd that I heard so much of your conversation. Shall I run over its heads? When you declined to look at Helvellyn, one of you was almost tearfully bewailing, the other vigorously abusing, Mr. Gladstone. On the summit you were both hard at work pacifying and generally reorganizing Ireland. But as you traversed Boardale you fled from the painful present, and set to work, under Bishop Lightfoot's guidance, to reconstruct the Church of the second century from the Ignatian Epistles. And when, crossing with trembling foot the stepping-stones under the cascade, I looked round for a helping hand, you were both so busy in discussing the revised version of the Bible, that—that I had to shift for myself.

Bas. (smiling). Witches always fear to cross running streams.

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Geof. The sorceries of the lady Theodora are too mighty to be so dissolved. Over them Lethe itself has no power. (*Confidentially to THEO.*) Would you *really* have accepted the help of a feeble southron like myself? If so, what subject for vaunting I have lost!

Theo. No, no. I should have "declined with thanks." But I should have been flattered by your offer.

Geof. Can you forgive us? Impose your own penance.

Theo. May I? Then, now that we have reached the shade, you two sit down there—this stone opposite you will make a nice seat for me. Look, what a picture the boughs have framed for us of the lake and mountains! It is just cool enough and not too cool. Let us have a few minutes' quiet talk, and let *me* choose the subject.

Bas. That is only fair. You have been an attentive listener during three-quarters of our walk.

Geof. Do you think that, in the primeval Church, deaconesses ever acted as confessors? and if so, did they ever impose penances so agreeable? *Imperatrice mia!* Your punishment is a reward. Propose your subject.

Theo. Shall I startle you if I say, death,—or rather death scenes? For I want to know which poet has, in your opinion, described a death most pathetically.

Bas. Epic or dramatic?

Theo. Either.

Geof. What say you to the death of Dido?

Theo. She was a widow.

Geof. You are of the mind of Prospero's wicked brother. You remember how he exclaims at "widow Dido"? May no widow, then, be a heroine?

Theo. If Dido had died, like Evadne, on her first husband's funeral pile—

Geof. You might contribute a tear to quench it. But as it is, the deep despair which makes her "loathe heaven's blessed blue above," leaves you uncompassionate. At that rate, a host of other heroines—Cleopatra herself queening it over death—have no chance with you.

Theo. I pity Dido, although I blame her. Cleopatra was a clever actress, and played her last and hardest part the best; but she was too bad and heartless for any one to waste tears on. Besides, she had lived her life fully, such as it was.

Bas. Yes. We cannot bewail the full-blown rose, when at last it richly paints the earth with its gorgeous scattered petals, as we do the rosebud, blighted in its

early promise. Elaine, killed by her innocent love for Lancelot, Iphigenia about to die for gods, father, and country—fair maidens who are never suffered to know all that those two sacred words, wife and mother, mean—affect me in a far different manner. The Greeks, masters of emotion, knew that source of pity well. The noble and sweet nature of their virgin offerings raises compassion and admiration to their highest. That is, to me, the most pathetic class of deaths.

Theo. Chthonia's, for instance.

Bas. Who on earth was she?

Geof. Your adjuration is well chosen; for her name is of the earth earthy. She is the heroine of Swinburne's "Erechtheus."

Bas. I don't read Swinburne.

Theo. I only his "Atalanta" and his "Erechtheus." Chthonia dies for her country. The gods demand a maiden's life as the price of safety for Athens, and she gives hers. This is her address to her countrymen on her way to the altar:—

People, old men of my city, lordly wise and
hoar of head,
I, a spouseless bride and crownless save with
garlands of the dead,
From the fruitful light turn silent to my dark
unchilded bed.

Bas. After Sophocles—good; say us another triplet.

Theo. (*recites*).

Day to day makes answer, first to last, and
life to death; but I,
Born for death's sake, die for life's sake, if
indeed this be to die,
This my doom that seals me deathless till the
springs of time run dry.

Bas. That second line is good; the posthumous vanity of the third does not please me so well. Your heroine says too much about herself and too little about her country. Give us her most pathetic speech.

Theo. She says too much altogether, I remember; but I was much struck by the passage in which she speaks of herself as about to be

A silent soul led of a silent god
Toward sightless things led sightless: and on
earth
I see now but the shadow of mine end,
And this last light of all for me in heaven.

Bas. Polyxena said that before, you know.

Theo. Ah! And did Hecuba answer, like Chthonia's mother,—

Farewell I bid thee; so bid thou not me
Lest the gods hear and mock us?

Bas. Yes; only better. Did not you and I read Polyxena's death last year together?

Theo. I shall never know Euripides as you do; but what a touching scene it is! What a pity that the rest of the "Hecuba" is so inferior! These are Chthonia's last words to Athens:—

Be blest and beloved as I love thee,
Of all that shall draw from thee breath;
Be thy life as the sun's is above thee,—
I go to my death.

Bas. Good; but your heroine is too self-possessed. Ah! when we read the "Antigone" together, I shall hope to show you what real pathos is. There you have my ideal maiden, dying willingly for eternal right and justice, preferring the claims of her dead kindred to those of her living lover, upheld by the thought that more righteous judges will praise in the under world the deed for which a tyrant thrusts her out of the land of the living. But she knows the full worth of what she is resigning; and the stronger she has shown herself in her defiance of Creon, the more does the beholder's heart feel rent by her wail of anguish, as "unwept, unfriended, and unwept," she looks her last at Thebes, her childhood's home, and on the sun—

This once, but never more; for Hades vast,
Drear home of all the dead,
Leads me, in life, where Acheron flows fast,
Undecked my marriage bed;
No marriage hymn was mine in all the past,
But Acheron I wed.

Geof. Whose version are you quoting?

Bas. Plumptre's, slightly varied in one line.

Theo. Is not the catastrophe of the "Antigone" something like that of "Romeo and Juliet"?

Bas. Yes; allowing for the great difference in such matters between ancient and modern thought, surprisingly so. Both Romeo and Hæmon die, each in his lady's sepulchre, because they cannot survive the mistress of their heart. But Antigone does not love Hæmon as Juliet loves Romeo.

Theo. Which catastrophe is the more pathetic?

Bas. Shakespeare's, if you weigh Romeo against Hæmon—if you have respect, as you naturally would, to the happiness so narrowly missed by the newly wedded and parted pair, so strangely re-

united by death; for it is the sudden reverse from joy to sorrow that is always so striking. But Juliet's passionate love, though pure, is but an earthly thing. Antigone dies for a noble cause; she is a martyr, Juliet the mere victim of circumstances. Juliet, too, has had her first sweet draught of the golden cup of happiness; no second would ever seem to her its equal. But Antigone hears the voice of duty, and sets down the cup untasted. With lips that its enticing liquids have never moistened, she goes to drink of the dark stream that all men shun. Her majestic sadness, her ill-requited piety, affect me more than Juliet's evil fortune.

Geof. There is much in what you say. But is not comparing a Greek with an English play about as satisfactory as comparing a statue with a picture? Each is a work of genius; but materials and style of execution are wholly different.

Theo. Yes; but my question was about the effect on the mind, however produced. My idea, from what you say, is, that I shall most reverence and admire Antigone, but love Juliet most; and, after all, our sorrow at a death is measured by our love.

But I do not quite think that you have yet discovered the most pathetic class of death. What do you say to a son's caused by a parent, like the fate of Meleager in Swinburne's "Atalanta"? Surely the mother's distress, when most unwillingly, but for sufficient cause, she recalls the gift she gave, and the son's anguish at being dismissed from life by the hand which he so loves and honors, affect us more deeply than even the maiden's early doom whose fate touches you so much.

Geof. I feel inclined to agree with you; that is to say as to the situation. Mr. Swinburne's success in delineating it is another matter. His lines have generally more fury than force, more sound than sense, and more rhyme than reason. Besides, he never knows when to stop. His dying hero's long-winded harangues made me say, with Sancho Panza of Gamacho's rival, "This youth, considering his weak state, has an amazing power of speech left him."

Theo. I like the lyric portions of the play best. Who can remain unmoved when the young soldier, dying far from the field of honor, cries,—

I would that in clamor of battle mine hands
had laid hold upon death?

Or when the old father, who had hoped to

see his own triumphs revived by his son,
sadly rejoins,—

Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears;
Filling thine eyes

And fulfilling thine ears
With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and
the beauty, the splendor of spears?

Or at Meleager's veiled reproach to his mother—the mother whom he forbears to curse, recognizing in her the instrument of his birth-fate, as he reminds her of her own irreparable loss and his,—

But thou, O mother,
The dreamer of dreams,
Wilt thou bring forth another
To feel the sun's beams

When I move among shadows a shadow and
wail by impassable streams?

Bas. Will you lend me the book? You have made me wish to read it. I can repay you richly; for we will read the grand death-scene of Hippolytus in Euripides together,—a scene of which I feel sure that we shall both see the immense superiority to the one from which you are quoting. To begin with: the situation is even more pathetic. Meleager's offence was a real one; but Hippolytus is the blameless victim of a false accusation, and his unhappy father's curse has taken its deadly effect upon him before his innocence is revealed. He is borne on the stage mangled and dying. His celestial patroness—the great goddess Artemis—bends over him, and his pain is softened by her presence; while she longs for the tears which the Greeks denied to deity, that she may bewail her young votary's undeserved and untimely fate. Theseus sees too late of what a son his own rashness has bereaved him. Never can he hope for such another as the youth in whose place he passionately wishes to die. But Hippolytus, with his hand on the gate of death, turns round to forgive and console the father, whom he assures that he pities more than himself.

Geof. Do you remember those two especially moving rejoinders? one, when Theseus, amazed at his son's free forgiveness, is praising and bewailing his piety and goodness, Hippolytus—doubtless wounded in former time by his father's preference for his younger children—bids him pray that they may act towards him as he has himself done; and the other, when, Theseus having weakly and vainly entreated the dying youth "to bear up," he answers with suppressed bitterness and

sad resignation: "I have borne to the full — 'tis over; cover my face."

Bas. Yes; well. Those fine sharp strokes must make modern imitations look thick and coarse when set beside them. Theodora, I look forward to a happy hour with you in my study as you make your first acquaintance with them.

Theo. The death of Racine's Hippolyte, which I once learned by heart, gives one no notion of the beautiful scene you are describing.

Bas. Racine would not have met with his great success with the ladies of Louis XIV.'s court, if they had known even as much Greek as you do. What could he understand of a classic Sir Galahad's mystic devotion to the heavenly lady of his heart, the mighty huntress Diana? He must needs provide his Hippolytus with a mortal love named Aricie. As to the scene we have been talking of, he happily does not profane it by imitation. But then his whole conception of the subject is different. His protagonist is not the innocent Hippolytus, but the guilty Phædra.

Geof. Yes. St. Beuve, perhaps justly, considers his Phèdre a great improvement on her Greek prototype.

Theo. Which is most to be pitied, Theæus or Rustum?

Bas. Who was he?

Theo. Did you never read Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum"? What a pity!

Bas. Is it very long?

Theo. No; it is an episode in an unwritten epic.

Bas. You shall read it to me then some day, with that voice of yours which interprets the music of poetry so well.

Theo. Really? But no! I must not believe you. You are partial to your pupil.

Geof. No, he is not.

Bas. Geoffrey shall have a farther opportunity of judging if I am. Say us the best thing you can remember in it. But, first, what is the poem about?

Theo. Rustum, the great Persian hero, married a Tartar princess, and departed to the wars before the birth of their child. It was a son; but she sent him word that it was a girl, because she feared to part with it. But when the boy Sohrab grew to man's estate, he went forth to meet his sire. He marched with troops who were going to attack the Persian army, and, hearing that his father was far away, strove to distinguish himself, so that his name might worthily meet his ear. To

this end he challenged the bravest of the host to fight. Most unhappily Rustum (newly returned) heard of, and accepted the challenge. Sohrab, with chivalric feeling, spares his great antagonist's life when a chance places it at his mercy. He is only vanquished and slain, when the warrior opposed to him suddenly discloses who he really is by rushing on him with the shout of "Rustum!" for the name bewilders his filial heart; although he is still so far from realizing the truth that he reveals it by faltering forth, as he lies bleeding on the ground, "My sire, the mighty Rustum, shall avenge my death."

Bas. A pathetic death-scene indeed!

Geof. It is years since I have looked at the poem; but I recall it as you speak. There were in it some fine Virgilian and Homeric echoes, and the local coloring was good. One simile, though, made me laugh. You will scarcely choose it for your recital. New similes are hard to find, but I had rather that Arnold had employed an old one, than compared, as he does, Rustum's contemptuous pity for the stripling who comes to encounter him to a lazy London or Parisian belle, peeping out of bed in cold weather at the housemaid:—

As some rich woman on a winter's morn
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor
drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her
fire . . .

Theo. For shame! You have forgotten Xenophon's most excellent saying.

Geof. Which?

Theo. Καλὸν καὶ δίκαιον . . . No; I had better not venture on the Greek; I generally come to grief there. But what he told his comrades was, that it is honorable, righteous, holy, and also pleasant to the mind, to remember men's good deeds rather than their evil. You, on the contrary, have treasured up a displeasing simile, and forgotten the fine verses which depict the desperate encounter beside the rolling Oxus—that unnatural combat which the clouds gather, and the sandy whirlwind from the desert rises up, to shroud; while at Rustum's imminent peril his great war-horse, Ruksh, utters a cry like a wounded lion.

Geof. Lady,—

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

Theo. You should not. But this is what comes of being "nothing if not critical."

Geof. I plead guilty. Let us have the fruit of your better employed memory.

Theo. I will begin where Rustum is wholly overwhelmed by the discovery that the dying man is his son, and Sohrab says, —

I find

My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my
cheeks

And wash them with thy tears, and say, My
son!

Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of
life,

And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away.

Bas. Should not those two metaphors exchange places? The lightning is gone in a moment, and leaves darkness behind it; like this young hero's meteoric career, quickly extinguished by death.

Theo. Perhaps. But lightning is destructive. Sohrab hoped to fall on his foes like a thunderbolt, and lo! he departs swiftly into the unseen, and leaves no trace behind him. Shall I go on?

So said he: and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And woe fell on both the
hosts

When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh,
the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near. . . .

But Sohrab looked upon the horse, and
said:

"Is this then Ruksh? How often in past
days

My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed!
My terrible father's terrible horse; and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I,
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan
And seen the river of Helmund; . . .

whereas I

Have only drunk the desert rivers, and this,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:
"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

Bas. What say you, Geoffrey?

Geof. That verses far inferior to those we have just heard might seem beautiful so recited. I must read them to myself, in order to form an impartial judgment. But that they depict a most touching scene very pathetically, there can be no doubt.

Theo. I know that it is absurd to compare an epic with a tragedy: the former must express many things which are conveyed by an actor's look and gesture in the latter. But it seems to me that the death-scene of which I have recited to you a portion is even sadder than that of Hippolytus.

Geof. In what respects?

Theo. Hippolytus dies victorious over his false accuser, and you know what Lord Bacon says abates the pains of death; whereas Sohrab falls defeated. And Rustum gains, and in the self-same moment loses, a son who would have made life sweet to him; and that son, too, fate insists on his slaying with his own hand.

Geof. Yes; but Theseus is conscious of having misjudged and wronged his son, which Rustum is not. And, besides, the latter loses a blessing of which he has had no experience; the former, one which he has long possessed.

Theo. Does not hope always paint with brighter colors than memory?

Bas. No. Autumn's hues are more brilliant than those of spring. I side with Geoffrey against you. The sorrow for the known must be greater than that for the unknown; and then Rustum's heart is not torn by the self-reproach which rends that of Theseus.

Geof. That device of an unconscious warrior slaying the thing dearest to him in battle is indeed ingeniously distressing. How well one Torquato Tasso knew how to employ it!

Theo. Clorinda's death. Yes; it is lovely, it is pathetic; but I do not think I ever shed tears over it.

Geof. Why not?

Theo. When I first learned Italian, Herminia was my favorite; and I am afraid that I was not altogether sorry to see her rival removed from her path. Then, too, Clorinda is, like Brynhild in the northern saga, a shield-maiden. You cannot fancy her, any more than Virgil's Camilla, stooping to obey a husband — least of all such a tearful sentimentalist as Tancred. I must own that I like to see her depart heaven's bride, not his. Tancred is only too highly honored by being allowed to open its sacred portal to her.

Geof. Remember his self-mastery at that supreme moment. His will keeps death at bay, and collects all the powers of his mind to prevent his heart from breaking, in order that he may have strength to bestow eternal life on her whose mortal career his arm has so unwittingly cut short. Can you despise a

man who so bears himself under such a trial?

Theo. Perhaps not wholly. But you know Tancred survives after all and marries another.

Geof. That does not prevent our feeling for him, and with him, as he makes the fatal discovery, I advise you to read that scene over again, and see what your maturer judgment says to it.

Let me remind you, too, that if a certain amount of weakness in the hero destroys his claim on our compassion, Balaustion's strictures on the "Alcestis" are just; and Admetus, that cowardly husband who accepts his wife's too generous offer to die in his place, has nothing to expect from us but scorn.

Bas. Browning's clever sarcasm takes too little account of a Greek's intense love of life, and of the fact that the princely Admetus might think it his duty to preserve his life for his family and his subjects' sake, even at the vast expense of that of his loved Alcestis. It is from that point of view that his, to us, repulsive discourse with his father must be looked at. The sire is too old to render that service to the State which it is in the son's power to perform. Why has he not given his brief remnant of life for his more valuable one?

Geof. No noble mind asks such questions.

Theo. I feel inclined to pity Alcestis most in the last scene. To have visited the unseen world and be led back from it with the enlarged knowledge which such a visit could not fail to give, only in order to pass the rest of her life with her very small-minded husband, seems a hard fate.

Bas. To you. But you must not import modern thought into antique legend in that way. It spoils one's power to appreciate and enjoy it. Though you may, Alcestis does not, despite the man she dies for.

Geof. Why, then, does she show so little confidence in his care of their young children?

Bas. Because she is a *mother*. She would have trusted him with anything else.

Geof. Why, then, think it necessary so earnestly to charge him never to wed another?

Bas. I must confess that Alcestis knows her lord's nature to be not precisely heroic. Still, such as he is, she loves him.

Geof. Your proof?

Bas. Her own simple words: "Unconstrained, of my own free will, since no one else would, I give my life for thee,

accounting thee more precious than my own soul. I had my choice, and I could not choose to live torn asunder from thee."

Geof. That doesn't sound like contempt, certainly.

Bas. No. Her love for her husband stands out in strong relief from her horror at Charon's boat, its dark ferryman, and the gloomy halls to which he stands prepared to carry her; great it must truly be to triumph over her intense delight in the happy life under the blue sky of Greece which, as she says, she has to quit, not to-morrow, or on the third day, but now. I must always look on the farewell of Alcestis to Admetus as inexpressibly pathetic.

Theo. You will allow that such a heart deserved a nobler object on which to pour its treasures. Tell me while we climb the next rock—for it is time we moved forward—whether the most affecting element in the pathos of the "Alcestis" is not, after all, the sense it brings us of

The straightened bounds of women's happiness,

as Goethe calls them?

Bas. We may make such reflections on the play if we please. They did not occur to its author. Now they are the intention, as well as the result, of one of Browning's best speeches—I know there is vastly too much of it—that of his dying Pompilia.

Geof. You have read "The Ring and the Book" then?

Bas. Yes; all of it. It much needs boiling down; but it is a very remarkable *book*. Mind I do not say *poem*. Now his dying Pompilia is a very pathetic figure; and the deep pathos of her death-bed speech arises from this, that she has realized the utter baseness of the man whom she was forced to wed; that for her, yet through no fault of hers, all the true avenues to womanly pride and happiness are closed; and that her white soul has seen no altar to flee to as a refuge from intolerable degradation, till the pitying hand of the angel of death points one out to her. And so she loves the death which Alcestis hates, and gives her wicked husband the life of which he unjustly deprives her with even greater readiness than that with which the Greek heroine lays down hers for the spouse whom she loves. Pompilia is a wife and a mother at seventeen; yet the unutterable horror of being the wife of such a man as Guido reconciles her even to the parting with her infant, and makes

the poniard welcome to her. Do you remember her words? —

For that most woeful man, my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I pardon him! So far as lies in me
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends, none, none to me;
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange
fate

Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,
Blotted the marriage-bond: this blood of mine
Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white, and thanks the
blow.

Now the young girl with whom life has so
dealt that this is how she quits it, is a
moving sight indeed.

Theo. Here we are at the top of the
rock. I declare that Ulleswater is as
blue this afternoon as the Ægean in
Leighton's lovely picture of the dead Al-
cestis, which our talk has brought to my
mind. Look at the light on the Stybar-
row Crags.

Geof. Down which the valiant men of
Patterdale, led by Mounsey their king,
hurled the rocks on the invading Scotch.
You see I know your traditions. Did
the women and children survey the con-
flict from under the firs on that rocky
islet, I wonder, like Duncraggan's widow
and her company in "The Lady of the
Lake"? By the way, how much smaller
your islands are than those on Windere-
mere and Derwentwater!

Theo. Ours are just the right size, tiny
specks on the blue water. On those other
two lakes they seem to block your way,
and only look well when you are a con-
siderable height above them.

Geof. I know that the superiority of
Ulleswater to all the other lakes is here
an article of faith. It is one I feel much
inclined to subscribe to on this particular
afternoon. What a lovely shadow that
light cloud is casting on Glenmara at the
head of the lake!

Bas. Look, too, at the bright rays on
St. Sunda's Crag to the right of it, and its
grand perpendicular sweep into Grisedale,
the gap between Fairfield and Helvellyn.
Right under the shadow cast by that giant
warder of the pass, one of our highest
lakelets, Grisedale Tarn, refreshes the
weary climber on his way to scale their
heights. There is a third course open to
him, though, when he rests beside it, for
he is on the bridle-road to Grasmere.

Geof. If all your bridal roads are like

that marriage must, in this country, be a
privilege reserved for the superlatively
active. Of a truth *per aspera ad astra*.

Theo. You made that mistake on pur-
pose. We are on a bridle-road now.

Geof. (in a stage whisper). Heaven for-
bid!

Theo. Any rough path along which a
nimble mountain pony can scramble bears
that name here. But let us return to our
own track. And while you admire the
light and shade on the hills to the left of
the Kirkstone Pass, — just now inexpress-
sibly lovely, — or let your eyes rove from
one to another of the fairy islets in that
molten sapphire, tell me —

Geof. Your imperial majesty is pleased
to deviate into poetry.

Theo. We were talking of the poets, you
know. But I will put my question in plain
prose. Which death has produced the
most pathetic effects in poetry; that of a
husband slain by his wife, or of a wife by
her husband?

Geof. Unquestionably the latter. The
former, to begin with, is an expedient
rarely resorted to by the poets.

Bas. Æschylus, as we all know, em-
ployed it with tremendous tragic effect.
The fall of Agamemnon, on his victorious
return from Troy, heralded by Cassandra's
warning notes, when the avenging deity
nerves Clytemnestra to her fell determi-
nation, and one blow repays in a single
moment the wrongs over which she has
brooded for years, is one of the grandest
examples of that sudden reverse of fortune
which impressed the Greek mind so forc-
ibly. And where the wife stands, in her
wretched and guilty triumph, over the
two dead bodies, there we know will the
avenger of blood stand at no distant period
over her own prostrate form and that of
her accomplice.

Geof. Æschylus awakens awe rather
than pity.

Bas. Then take the death of Hercules.
Dejanira is, above all woman, to be com-
miserated; for the expedient which she
has every reason to believe will enable
her to regain her husband's affection, to
her unspeakable surprise and horror causes
his death.

Theo. There is something absurd in
Ovid's plan of "Epistles of Heroines,"
most of whom could not have known how
to write, and some of whom write under
circumstances which would prevent the
readiest scribe from putting pen to paper.
But if you forgot that she is supposed to
have written them down, how pathetic are
his last words of Dejanira!

Geof. I have forgotten them. Repeat them.

Theo.

Jamque vale, seniorque pater, germanaque Gorge,

Et patria, et patriæ frater ademte tuæ!
Et tu, lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris;
Virque (sed O possis!), et puer Hylle vale!

Bas. You will pity her still more when you read the "Trachiniæ." Sophocles himself compassionates her, and does not let her live to see the tremendous ruin which she has caused. What wife-slayer could wake our pity more than this involuntary destroyer of the greatest hero that ever lived, the husband of her own youth?

Geof. Othello; because he was not blameless like Deianira. The centaur's tale, which she foolishly believed, involved no such moral impossibility as did Iago's. Desdemona's living face should have "looked the lie dead" to any eye not judicially blinded as his was. What an ideal of womanhood, what innocence, what purity, what self-sacrificing love!

Theo. To her husband. But she was an undutiful daughter. I like Cordelia much better.

Bas. When I spoke last I had the wife-killers of the Spanish stage chiefly before me; those "honorable murderers" who put a fair woman to death for a doubtful punctilio, and who, having saved their wounded honor with her blood, find it possible enough to survive her. Othello alone amply justifies your answer to Theodora's question. I suppose that, for pathetic effect, its last act stands unrivalled.

Geof. Except by Shakespeare himself. To some moods of mind his dying Katharine appeals yet more irresistibly. Desdemona pardons a fatal error, she a deliberate wrong. Desdemona, a happy young wife, till a wicked enchanter's breath suddenly wraps her in a dark cloud, is all in all to her husband; Katharine has watched her lord's love decline and die, and been reduced, though daughter, wife, and mother of mighty monarchs, to do battle for her own and her child's honor, and seen herself worsted in the fight. Desdemona's scarcely cold cheek is warmed by the dying Othello's kiss; Katharine knows that Henry will be glad to hear of her death, and sends him word that

his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world.

Theo. Why did we not come to Shakespeare sooner?

Geof. Perhaps from a sense of our unworthiness to talk about him.

Theo. "Why, so can we; and so can any man," if the learned lady who wanted you to review her book is right.

Bas. What did she say?

Geof. That Shakespeare did not write the plays ascribed to him; for she thinks she can prove that they were written by Lord Bacon.

Bas. She must be color-blind, then. She may be able to prove—which would be very interesting—that one of those two great cotemporaries had a perceptible influence on the other; as a speech of Ulysses, in "Troilus and Cressida," has always given me the satisfaction of believing that Shakespeare had read some of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." When will England again contain three such minds simultaneously at work as Shakespeare, Bacon, and Hooker?

Geof. Never. The twilight of the gods will come first.

Theo. Do not desert our subject. You must have much more to say on the pathos of Shakespeare's death-scenes.

Geof. *Domina et imperatrix mea!* your wishes are law. I will tell you, then, what struck me as I rapidly ran through as many of those scenes as I could call to mind. It is that Shakespeare, beyond all things lifelike and true to nature, has seen—what I trust you do not know yet, what may experience never teach you!—namely, that well calculated as death is to move human compassion, life is often far more so. His death of Henry IV. is very pathetic; Richard II.'s resignation is far more moving. His living Constance suffers far more than his dying Juliet.

Bas. That is one of the numerous points of contact between Shakespeare and Sophocles. We were talking a little while ago of the pathos of the "Antigone." Are there not at least two of the personages of Sophocles whom you pity more?

Geof. Œdipus, certainly.

Bas. And when most? When his sun is setting at Colonos, or when he makes, and survives, the fatal discovery at Thebes?

Geof. Who could doubt which? Life was his misery; not death. Now look at his far-distant Shakespearean parallel. Lear, the man who of all men Shakespeare makes us pity most. After what we have seen life do to him, death seems to approach him with a friendly aspect; and the faithful Kent speaks for each of us when he exclaims,—

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! He hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Theo. Yes; Lear's death is a relief, after much sorrow. Now Edmund's, just before, is truly tragic; for it lets one see that he was not wholly bad, as he had seemed before, and so makes it possible to pity his untimely death. You were criticising Mr. Swinburne's length of speech in dying heroes. What a contrast those few words which Edmund finds breath to utter are to them! and how much more he says in them!

Geof. Remind me of them.

Theo. First when, pardoning his unknown antagonist, he owns his crime, and acknowledges the justice of his overthrow, thus:—

What you have charged me with, that have I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;

'Tis past, and so am I.

How plainly those words unveil a soul just about to be arraigned before the highest judgment-seat, knowing that it must plead guilty there, and so absorbed in the prospect as to lose its power to care for human censure!

Bas. His second I can supply. It is his rejoinder to the brother who, while making himself known as the avenger of his own and his father's wrongs on one who had so foully betrayed both, has learned nevertheless from that father's fate, that—

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

A strong sense of what Jeremy Taylor calls "the descending and entailed curse" of sin fills Edmund's brief answer:—

Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel has come full circle; I am here.

Theo. Then, when those unnatural monsters, Goneril and Regan, have met their deserts, and Edmund, who pretended love to both and loved neither, hears of their end, how fine is the awakening of remorse in his heart!—

I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

And how it deepens and grows stronger as their dead bodies are carried in, and he remembers how, enemies to all the world beside, those wretched women had, nevertheless, been true to him!—

Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

When good Albany rejoins,—

Even so. — Cover their faces.

I suppose that with his horror at having been husband to such a woman as Goneril, and with his unspeakable thankfulness at having got rid of her, is blended a surprised recognition that she too had a heart, and was, after all, capable of loving.

Bas. You think, then, as Edmund did. Or did she only kill herself for fear of Albany's vengeance?

Theo. She despised him too much to fear him. No; she could not survive the man for whose sake she had committed such crimes.

Geof. I congratulate you on this your first appearance (at least to me) as a Shakespearean critic.

Now, let us take Hamlet as our second instance. Are the perplexity, the disenchantment with life, the loss of faith in man, and — still worse — in woman, which build up a cyclopean wall betwixt him and happiness, easier for him to bear than the death he longs for; and which only religious faith restrains him from laying hold of for himself?

Bas. That Laertes's rapier did Hamlet good service, his own words to his second self, Horatio, bear witness.

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

are not the words of one to whom life has been sweet.

Theo. No. I suppose we all pity Hamlet more when he misconstrues Ophelia, when he repents too late over her grave, and, above all, when he has to sit as judge over his own mother and condemn her, than when death makes easy to him what life had made so hard. By the way, do you know why, when the ghost means to appear to both his wife and his son, and, fully believing that Queen Gertrude sees him, bids Hamlet speak to her, —

O step between her and her fighting soul, —
only one of the two is sensible of the apparition?

Geof. Tell me.

Theo. Because only the innocent can have communion with the invisible world. The queen's sin had blinded her inner eye.

Geof. Very good.

Bas. Dr. Johnson's criticisms on Shakespeare are often highly amusing. His plain English common sense, valuable as it is, supplies him with no measuring-rule for genius. One of his observations on Hamlet is: "The apparition left the

regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it." It never occurred to him to consider whether Hamlet's filial piety could meet with a better reward than that earned of old by Cleobis and Biton, — the death which restored to him that father's society, the like of whom in worth he never expected to see again.

Theo. Still, there is a deep sadness about Hamlet's death after all; for he carries so much unfulfilled promise to the grave.

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,

were all there in perfection, as the person who knew him best bore witness, and had none of them achieved what they were capable of. I always love Fortinbras for ordering him a military funeral, and pledging his princely word that

he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally.

Have you not felt the same on attending other funerals?

Geof. Yes; indeed I have.

Theo. A friend of mine returning from one such wrote these lines: —

When Hamlet went unto his grave, men bore him

Forth like a soldier with his sword and shield,

The cannons thundered loud their music o'er him

As he had died upon the tented field.

And yet, he never knew the joys of battle,

Felt his heart bound to meet the trumpet's call,

Heard round his head the splintered spear-wood rattle,

Standing erect to mark his foeman's fall.

Nay: but a noble heart, his will discerning

By its own thoughts, knew what he would have done,

Had not the father, from the tomb returning,
To one dread office set apart the son.

Even so the turf by which thou seest me kneeling

Covers a head that might great things have planned,

Had not—from out the frame its vigor stealing—

A chilling touch too soon unnerved the hand.

Revere what might have been, had God been willing,—

What yet, if God so please, in higher sphere,
On vaster scale, may find more rich fulfilling;
And o'er such hope deferred let fall one tear.

Geof. Those lines are not bad. Who did you say wrote them?

Theo. That is a secret. Has Hamlet any distant kinsman among the personages of Sophocles?

Geof. Orestes as to outward history, though with a different catastrophe.

Bas. Yes; but the true Sophoclean parallel is Ajax. One simple, but unbearable, evil produces on the Greek hero's mind the effect wrought on Hamlet's by a far greater complexity of woes. Each sees in self-destruction the readiest end to griefs very hard to bear; but whereas the spiritual horizon grows ever darker to the one, it clears towards sunset to the other. Ajax ceases to appeal by prayer or sacrifice to the gods whose jurisdiction in the upper world he is about to quit; while Hamlet goes cheerfully to meet the fate which he has not called down on himself, with the thought that "there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

Geof. Few scenes distress me more than the parting of Ajax with his child. Can we fairly include it among those which we have been considering?

Bas. I should say so. For though his friends and wife do not know it, it is the farewell of one about to die. But, though worthy of infinite compassion, Ajax — the victim of his own wounded pride — does not appeal to the same higher feelings that Hector touches in the corresponding part of the Iliad, which Sophocles here imitates so successfully.

Geof. True. Why have we not discussed Hector's death?

Bas. Perhaps because the full pathos which attends it is revealed beforehand in the parting of Hector and Andromache, and after it in Priam's supplication to Achilles, and in the lamentations of the mother, the wife, and above all, of Helen; through whose fault Hector died, and who yet says that he, almost alone among the Trojans, never reproached her with one scornful word. In the death itself Achilles dominates our imagination. Our minds are full of his revenge for Patroclus, and of the unconquerable courage with which he learns from his dying foe that

thee too await

The shafts of Phœbus by the Scean gate.

Geof. If your decision about the "Ajax" was right, the most pathetic scene in the German drama might also come within our range. I mean that which concludes the first part of "Faust," as it is immediately followed by Margaret's execution.

Bas. Perhaps; but we are near the end

of our walk, not to mention other objections to a prolonged examination of it—one being that I cannot read it in the original.

Geof. Have you read it in Martin's most admirable translation? If you have, you will be prepared for my opinion that the spirit of Shakespeare took possession of Goethe for a brief season when he wrote the original.

Bas. It is certainly more like Shakespeare's handiwork than several plays which Schlegel was good enough to credit him with.

Geof. Goethe had studied "Hamlet" most carefully, and Ophelia's madness suggested Margaret's to him; but their circumstances are so different, that his mad scene, with its tremendous power of moving the heart towards the sufferer, so discerningly unconscious, so ignorantly conscious, of all the horrors of her situation, is no imitation, but a grand development of the genius which inspired it.

Theo. You would not say the same of the close of "Egmont"?

Geof. No. Its earlier scenes, though meritorious, are more like Ben Jonson's work than Shakespeare's—history dramatized without any grand pervading unity. Its conclusion—the vision part, I mean—is a stupid plagiarism from that priceless scene in "Henry VIII." which we talked of before. Goethe did better than that in his earlier play, "Götz von Berlichingen."

Theo. Yes; that play always delighted me. Only it is so sad. That weak, foolish Weislingen, who makes the noble Marie so unhappy, and himself dies such a miserable death! I can scarcely pity him after his folly in preferring to her that evil woman, Adelheide.

Geof. It is the death of Götz himself that is so touching. He is a survivor of a bygone state of things, and the new order finds no place for him. Do you remember how on that fine spring day in his prison garden he looks his last at the budding trees, and says, "I am cut off by the roots and sinking to my grave"? The last of a long line of brave knights, dishonored through no fault of his own, he looks in the face of the only faithful retainer who is left to him for the courage with which he was himself wont to inspire his followers in the fight, and expires murmuring that all his other friends are dead and his good old emperor gone.

Theo. The play should have ended there. Do you remember how unreal and clatrap the two last speakers become?

Geof. Suffer me to remind you of Xenophon and your own rule.

Theo. You do well. Which of Schiller's numerous death-scenes is the finest?

Geof. He has none equal to Goethe's two best, in my opinion.

Theo. Do you not admire the close of his "Maid of Orleans"?

Geof. It is such a falsification of history; to which, on the other hand, he keeps close in his death of Wallenstein.

Theo. I cannot care much for that traitor's end. My favorite scene in Schiller is the death of the Marquis Posa in "Don Carlos."

Geof. It will not maintain that place always in your favor. You will read it again some day, and see how it violates all historical possibility in transforming Philip II.'s son and his friend into sentimental German students. Mary Stuart's execution is better.

Theo. It is wrong of Schiller, though, to make her own herself guilty of Darnley's murder.

Bas. Very wrong, if he does that. We may have our strong suspicions; but for poetic and dramatic purposes she should assuredly be pronounced innocent.

Geof. Do you remember her words to the traitor Leicester, when she has to accept his support on her way to the scaffold?

Theo. Well!—

You keep your word, Lord Leicester. Once you promised

Your arm to lead me forth from out this dungeon;

'Tis as you said—that arm is lent me now.

Will that do for an impromptu version?

Geof. Excellently.

Now, have we done your bidding sufficiently? Will the leagues we have travelled mentally, the many lands, the many centuries, we have reviewed suffice, and may we each claim an especially good cup of tea from your fair hands as our reward? Are you satisfied? Or shall we survey the drama of China and of India? or ransack the Persian epic?

Theo. You had better leave Asia for our ascent of Helvellyn. Europe has been more than enough for our circuit of Place-Fell.

Geof. True. It is not yet exhausted. We have scarcely touched on the French drama, classic or romantic. We have left the tragedy of Spain unexamined.

Bas. By doing so you have missed one of the most affecting of death-scenes; that of Calderon's "Constant Prince."

Geof. A true martyr, as I dimly remem-

ber. But has her imperial majesty learned Spanish also?

Theo. Her proficiency in that language is about equal to your skill in Arabic, Sanskrit, and Chinese; so she releases you, with many thanks.

Bas. Do not call it a release. We have kept, for the most part, very good company this afternoon; and anything that makes one walk for a while with "the mighty spirits of the elder day" is welcome.

Theo. Yet we have not reached any very definite conclusion.

Geof. No; because the most pathetic is not a measurable quantity. It varies according to the sex, the age, and the experience of the person who tries to define it. Even of us three, each looks at it from a different point of view. Imagination invests one subject with pathos to you; to me memory another. Take, for instance, those parting words of Ajax to his little son, which I feel as so affecting. They would not touch a sanguine youth, who had as yet experienced no disappointments, in the same way.

Theo. Do you admire Virgil's version of them?—

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis?

Bas. It is perfect as to expression; but it fits the place into which Virgil thrusts it very badly.

Geof. Yes; the Mantuan generally disposes his stolen goods more artistically. A poet loses his license to steal, if he does no better than that with what he has borrowed without leave. We expect him to justify his doubtful deed by an ennobling process, under which pewter changes to silver and copper to gold. But here the alchemy is reversed; and the richer is turned, to our disappointment, into the baser metal. Aeneas, when he says those touching words to Iulus, is not about to die like Ajax or like Hector. He is going instead to kill—and in no very magnanimous manner—the brave Turnus for defending his country; and to reward himself for his own infidelity to Dido, by marrying the much-to-be-pitied and highly reluctant Lavinia.

Theo. I think Dido's dying prophecy, "Exoriare aliquis," reached farther than to Hannibal. Her ashes find in you a mighty avenger. Say what you like, however, against Aeneas—he is too great a prig to find a defender in me. But you shall not insult Virgil. If you do, I shall

call our greatest living poet to judge between us.

Geof. I should be very unmindful of Xenophon's maxim if I did. Who satisfies our artistic sense as Virgil does? The final revision which death forbade his giving to the *Aeneid*, would perhaps have expunged the bit of false imitation that I complain of. But can you repeat Tennyson's fine tribute to his memory? If so, please do.

Bas. Let us hear it. I read it with the greatest pleasure last spring. It is even better—and that is saying much—than his grand *alcaics* to Milton. It is one of the noblest offerings poet ever made to poet, and one of the best characterizations of Virgil's peculiar genius that any scholar ever produced. Alas! it is a parting ray, I fear, of a setting sun,—such a sun as that which is still bathing Place-Fell in glorious light—see how lovely its reflection is in the lake!—although it has left us in the deep shadow.

Theo. May I put two English words in, in place of one Italian, in the last stanza?

Geof. I think you had better. Now, as we linger at the garden gate, fulfil to us in a milder sense what we have already been experiencing in our very tragic review, that

The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Send us in, as the light begins to fade from the mountain, with Tennyson's expressive echoes of each of Virgil's many-sided and delightfully varied charms caressing our ears.

Theo. (*recites with deep feeling*).

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language,
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

Thou that seest Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound forever of Imperial Rome —

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place:
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, mighty Mantuan,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

From The Leeds Mercury.

DESULTORY READING.

IN these days of high pressure, when the path of an Englishman's life is no longer a shady country lane, but a hot and dusty race-track, there is a fatal and increasing tendency on every hand to desultoriness. At first glimpse it may seem strange that it is so. The Englishman of a century or two centuries ago, who took his time about everything, one would imagine would be a man of more diffused energy than the men of to-day, whose life is a perpetual rush from morning till night. Yet it strikes us — for we are among those who have a sneaking hankering after those "good old times" — that the desultoriness of our leisurely ancestors was after all less desultory than the desultoriness of our age of steam and electricity. They as a rule had not more to do than they could accomplish. Each man did his work and a few things else. We do a few things frantically, in our day's rush; but because our days are but twenty-four hours, and our years only twelve months, we can never, do all we will, overtake our work. We try to do too much, and therefore the little we succeed in accomplishing is as a rule worse done than had our aim been more limited. In nothing is this more apparent than in the reading of the present day. Our leisurely fathers, some one will remind us, did not all of them

read; but those who did, compared with their literary progeny, read well. Imagine an ordinary business man sitting down now to "Sir Charles Grandison" and enjoying it! Still more wonderful, imagine any novelist writing "Sir Charles Grandison" now! In the old days both phenomena were possible. There was time for it. What if the talk was long-winded and the situations drawn out, and the episodes slenderly connected? It was a picture of the days when life was long-winded and drawn out and desultory, and the reader of the last century rejoiced in it. But since then the steam-engine has been invented, and the telegraph and the printing-machine, and no one now but the patient student reads "Sir Charles Grandison." Our literature has to adapt itself to the age. If a writer is long-winded, he is shunned like mischief. We cannot afford to read much of anything, because we are obliged to read something of everything. The news of the day must be condensed into the shortest and tersest of paragraphs. The comments on the news must be crisp and sparkling, and well broken up into paragraphs. Our reports must give us the cream of the debates, and spare us the heavy talk. Only when there is a scene in the House, or a sensational trial in the law courts, do we grumble to find our news abridged; and that is because these are things we must read *in extenso*, and it saves time to have them presented fully at first. The news of the day must not exceed the limits of a twenty minutes' railway journey in the morning, with, perhaps, another twenty minutes at lunch time added; and considering that the train stops every few minutes, and the plates are changed twice at least during the fleeting meal, the paragraphs must be short, or we shall lose our place and our patience both together. If it is so of the news of the day, is it not the same with the lighter reading? We like to have "Sir Charles Grandison" on our shelves, because a first edition is getting to be worth money. And we put up "The Faery Queen" there, too, because Macaulay says he was the only man who ever read it through. And Shakespeare is bound to be there, because he gives us English history in a very condensed form. But for reading give us "Dark Days," which can be got through in two hours; or "Dr. Jekyll," which can be read in one and a half. Or if we venture on something longer — say, on a three-volume novel — the story must be "stirring" (like ourselves) — no dull chapters, no padding, no topographical descriptions, no psycho-

logical anatomy. If we are to get through it, we must be carried on. Each chapter must end in a situation, or get out of one. "Hang the characters!" says your railway carriage novel-eater; "give me the story." Is this an overdrawn picture of the literary habits of a large number of business men of to-day? And if not, are they not to be pitied? And yet, their lot is as nothing compared with the hardship which those who would read if they could are called upon to submit to. The amount of perfunctory reading which an ordinary intelligent man, who sets a little store by society, and is influenced by the minds of his fellow-men, has to get through, we might almost say in self-defence, is terrible to think of. The daily papers he must read. He ought to see what each side has to say for itself. At the end of the week the *Spectator* and the *Saturday*, of course, must be looked at and partially read; as also must the magazine devoted to his particular hobby and his particular creed. Then, how can he get out of reading the *Fortnightly* and the *Contemporary* every month? and what would become of him if some day he should be asked if had seen the last *Quarterly*, and were obliged with shame to own and confess that he had not? But that is not all. Every week the world is invaded by a new novel, or biography, or political or theological or scientific deliverance, each of which—how he hates the phrase!—becomes the talk of the hour. How he dreads to open his *Athenæum* each week for fear of seeing that some new literary sensation has been quietly added to the pile of his arrears. To what base shifts is he put to keep up his head as a reading man! For the one thing nowadays is to keep clear of the odious suspicion of not having read everything. He will read the reviews, and talk of the book as if he had read it. Often enough he will get well through the imposition; particularly when his audience has sinned like himself. But he runs a grievous risk; and if by some cruel fate he should meet, face to face, a man who has read the book, then the last state of the dissembler will be worse than the first. It would have been better if he had never heard of the book. Or if, adopting a less contemptible course, he makes a point of dipping into each of the books in question, his risk of humiliation is scarcely less assured. For others may have dipped into the books too, and observed passages which had escaped him, and he will be put to the blush once more. One longs for the day when some one will make a stand against this social tyr-

anny,—when a man will be free to confess he never heard of a book without elevating all the eyebrows round the table; when a man who has read a book will forbear to talk about it on every possible occasion; and when the man who steadily refuses to read everything that is new, until he has mastered something that is not new, will cease to be pitied as a dullard or an eccentric. For, until this tyranny is relaxed, there is no chance for the ordinary man of business to become a reader at all; and until he becomes a reader in the true sense of the word, all the desultory, perfunctory, and obligatory literature he bolts will do him no good at all. An Englishman's reading should resemble his dinner. There must be a solid joint for the foundation of it; and the sweets and confectionery must be kept off the table till the roast beef has been done honor to. We eat to live, not to tickle our palates. And the really desultory reader, if he has no solid foundation for his literary morsels, will suffer much the same digestive inconvenience as the man who feeds wholly off jellies and meringues. Yet we are prone to mistake what desultoriness is. The horseman in the circus who leaps from horse to horse—the original desultory man—may cover a great deal of ground, and sit a large number of animals; but that would matter less if he were not riding perpetually in circles. He has no destination, and that constitutes the desultoriness of his gymnastics. Another man, riding to a given place, may break his journey up into stages, and leap from one horse to another at the end of each; but who shall call him desultory? Nor is diffuseness necessarily liable to the same reproach. The bee which visits every flower in the garden is diffuse, but certainly not desultory, for the honey all comes home to the hive; whereas the drone, which may cover a smaller area, and visit fewer flowers, is the most hopelessly desultory insect on wings. The desultoriness of a reader is surely not to be gauged by the number of books he handles. Macaulay, who read right and left, and absorbed most of the ephemeral literature of the seventeenth century, was scarcely as desultory as the old lady who gallantly read through the English dictionary, and remarked that it was an interesting book, but changed the subject rather too often for her taste. A man who has an object, be it only to discover the reasoning faculties of the domestic cat, is a chartered libertine in the way of reading. He may circle round his subject near and wide; indeed, if he is honest in his resolve to

become master of his subject, he must extend his radius to its utmost limit. He will meet much that has nothing to do with the domestic cat. To discover a single nugget he may have to wash out hundredweights of rubbish and refuse. Still, with his purpose in view, he is not a desultory reader. One worker may of course work in a more desultory way than another. One may begin his circles close to his subject, and expand outward; another may start on the outside edge and gradually concentrate. One may let his subject grow under his hands. Another may break his up, and follow up only one of many tracks; still the variety is in the work, not in the desultoriness. Even the man of business, with the purpose in him of working out one subject well—it hardly matters what—will find his difficulties greatly diminished. He will get together as much general information and useful knowledge in the course of his staple study as he would ever acquire in a course of feverish “competitive” omnivorous reading. On one subject, at any rate, he will be something better than a smatterer; and he can hardly know one subject thoroughly without knowing a good many others respectably at the same time. And he will have a better object in his reading than merely to pass muster in a crowd. If he has not read every book, he has at least read all that have any bearing on his subject, and a good many more; and for the rest he can afford to be catholic. He may read afield now in his hours of leisure, not as a slave under the lash of the dinner-table tyranny, but as a master free to select and follow his own taste; and he will read infinitely better as a consequence. There are, of course, some men hopelessly desultory. With plenty of leisure, and perhaps literary tastes, they begin twice as many books as they ever read through. They will read one book, a serious book, in a desultory way; while another man will make a scientific study of an apparently frivolous publication. They never could read with a purpose, or exercise the faculty of natural selection; and yet one meets men of this kind who flash out odd bits of knowledge now and then in a manner which astonishes the steady reader who has the habit of thinking he alone has the key to knowledge. They have prodigious memory and prodigious digestion, these men. Their minds are pigeon-holed from floor to ceiling, and each odd bit of information they acquire gets stowed away mechanically; and some day, perhaps, when least expected, it finds itself routed out and given

to the world. For such men it matters comparatively little how they read or what they read. All is grist that comes to their mill; and although they could never write a book, or make a speech, they are giants in the world, because they *know*. To end where we began, unthoroughness is the worst of all desultoriness. If no one reads deep, no one will write deep; and if every one tries to read everything no one can read deep. The times are out of joint in this respect. We are rapidly reaching a state in which even the world itself could not contain the books that are written, and if we are to improve things, we must begin by reading not more but less. A garden bed well tilled and watered will produce more than a whole mountain-side, barely raked. As soon as we give up the rake for the spade in our literary pursuits, we shall cease to complain of desultory writing, and the reader of the *Supplement* will have something better worth his perusal than these few desultory observations.

From The Spectator.

AN IRISH PRIEST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

SOME of the pleasantest recollections of my early childhood centre in the kindly figure of the old parish priest, whose death only a couple of years ago was mourned with unfeigned regret by peasantry and gentry alike, for he was beloved by all, irrespective of creed or rank. Father Thomas French—or Father Tom, to speak of him by his more familiar title—was an admirable specimen of the pre-Maynooth epoch. He was, if not actually of gentle birth, one of nature's gentlemen to start with, who never harbored an unkind thought towards man or beast, and had gained that ease of manner and knowledge of the world which comes of travel and a liberal education. He had been educated abroad, and had fully profited by his opportunities, speaking and reading French fluently, and adding to his theological acquirements a very pretty turn for scholarship. It must not be supposed from this, however, that Father Tom was a bookworm. On the contrary, I have seldom come across a more ardent sportsman. In his earlier days he kept a small pack of beagles, lineal descendants, some of them, of Daniel O'Connell's own dogs; he rode to hounds, he shot, and he coursed. At last his bishop, who, as shall be shown

later on, was greatly attached to Father Tom, deemed it advisable that his sporting proclivities should be somewhat restrained, and accordingly gave him his choice between hunting, shooting, and coursing. Father Tom chose the last, and many a hare eaten at our table had been coursed by his greyhounds. Once — but this was before the decision mentioned above debarred him from the use of his gun — a rather amusing incident occurred in connection with a hare sent by him as a present to a gentleman living at a distance. The animal had been entrusted to a faithful "dummy," or deaf and dumb retainer, who delivered it safely in the proper quarter; but the label having been lost in the transit, he found it hard to make his interlocutors understand who was the donor. At last, as by an inspiration, he crossed himself, linked his extended hands at the level of his eye, and snapping his fingers, made it irresistibly plain that it was the *shooting priest* who had sent the game. But this anecdote should be told in pantomime, not on paper. Just above the village there is a hillock with a commanding view of the valley; and here Father Tom might often be seen in the closing years of his life, leaning on his patriarchal staff and watching his beloved hounds coursing on the adjoining slopes. His bishop, a man of rare kindness of heart, gave signal proof of this quality by humoring Father Tom's ruling passion when the latter was an invalid in his house. He had fallen ill in the neighborhood, and the bishop at once sent for and kept him for a couple of months, until he was restored to health. One day, as his recovery seemed to be progressing very slowly, the bishop exclaimed, "Ah! I see what it is, Father Tom; we shall never have you well until you have the hounds here with you." Father Tom smiled; but the bishop was as good as his word, fetching half a dozen of the priest's favorite dogs from the kennels, some thirty miles distant. That Father Tom was evidently of the same opinion as the poet who wrote, —

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both bird and man and beast,

will be gathered from the advice on the choice of a wife which he once gave to a neighbor, which was to the effect that he should boldly enter with his dogs into the drawing-room of the young lady whom he fancied, and if she turned them out, should have nothing more to say to her. This was indeed a forcible application of the maxim, "Love me, love my dog." Father

Tom, who was a welcome guest at the houses of all the resident gentry — who were without exception Protestants, and in one case a Protestant clergyman — never forgot his friends' children, but invariably brought cakes and sweets for them in his pockets. But it was not merely as a genial friend and sociable neighbor that this good old man deserves to be remembered. While in thorough sympathy with the peasantry, he was fully alive to their faults; and the wholesome awe in which he was held by his flock may best be illustrated by the method which we invariably employed at the suggestion for the detection of petty larcenies. If an orchard was robbed, a net relieved of its haul, or a lobster-pot of its lobsters, Father Tom was communicated with forthwith, and the next Sunday the offenders were solemnly adjured from the altar, on pain of excommunication, to surrender themselves. Such offences were comparatively rare, I am bound to say, and Father Tom's threats proved of infallible efficacy. The offenders would present themselves at the front door in a day or two, expressing their contrition — grown men, as they often were — with tears, on their knees, and in language so grotesquely abject as sorely to test the gravity of their judge.

It was not permitted to Father Tom, however, to close his gentle life in peace. His refusal, which no pressure could shake, to associate himself in any way with the land agitation marked him out for attack. Another bishop, of a widely different character, succeeded Father Tom's friend, and, preserving a neutral attitude himself, lent no moral support to the small handful amongst his clergy who held aloof from the League. Turbulent "coadjutors" were associated with Father Tom, and his parish gained an ill name for outrage and disaffection. But his influence triumphed in the long run, and before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing an almost total cessation of the outrages which had disgraced the district. When Flaherty, the chief shopkeeper, was boycotted, — matters reached such a pass that men were stationed across the street to take down the name of every person who crossed the threshold, till finally the custom dwindled down to nothing, — Father Tom never let a day pass without entering the shop, if not to buy, at least to give the owner his support and countenance. Such, then, was Father Tom French, whom I believe I am correct in stating to be the prototype of Father O'Flynn.